

**Small Towns: The unchanging charm of Hartland, N.B.**

OCTOBER 1981, \$2.00

# Atlantic Insight

**In Nfld.: John McGrath,  
the king of Labrador**

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**The Nickersons:  
A N.S. empire  
that fish  
built**

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# Atlantic Insight

October 1981, Vol. 3 No. 8



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**Cover Story:** In just a few years Jerry Nickerson transformed what was a small, family-owned fish processing plant into a giant multinational fish empire. Nickerson, it's clear, knows a lot about the fishing industry. He just doesn't like to talk about it. By Parker Barss Donham  
COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



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**Typesetting**  
Nancy MacPherson, Pam Lutz  
**Contributing Editors**  
Amy Zierler, St. John's  
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**Correspondents**  
Jon Everett, Saint John  
Alden Nowlan, Fredericton  
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**Publisher, President**  
Impact Publishing Limited  
W.E. Belliveau  
**Assistant Publisher**  
Peter Belliveau  
**Editor-in-Chief, Impact Publishing Ltd.**  
Marilyn MacDonald  
**Circulation Manager**  
Neville Gilfoy  
**Subscription Supervisor**  
Faith Drinnan  
**Circulation Assistants**  
Susan Hardy, Fairlie McLean  
**Advertising Sales In Nova Scotia:**  
Mary Kilfoil, Jill Harris  
Telephone: (902) 423-7365  
**In New Brunswick:**  
F.G. (Mack) McKinney  
P.O. Box 3217, Station B  
Saint John, N.B. A2M 4X3  
Telephone: (506) 672-9085  
**In Prince Edward Island:**  
Barry Smith  
RR # 2, Vernon Bridge, P.E.I. C0A 1R0  
Telephone: (902) 511-2950

**In Newfoundland:**  
Stephen Sharpe  
P.O. Box 8513, Postal Station A  
St. John's, Nfld. A1B 3P2  
Telephone: (709) 722-2511  
**National Sales**  
John McGown & Associates Inc.  
Dave Richardson  
785 Plymouth Ave. Suite 310  
Town of Mount Royal  
Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3  
Telephone: (514) 735-5191  
Paul Griffin  
4800 Dundas St. W.  
Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1  
Telephone: (416) 232-1394

**Western Canada**  
Doug Davison  
National Advertising Representatives Ltd.  
Suite 414, 788 Beatty St.  
Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1A2  
Telephone: (604) 688-6819

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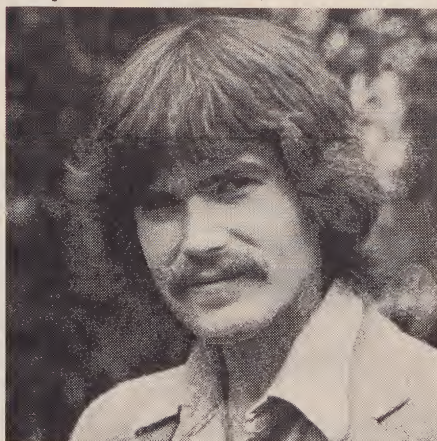
## Editor's Letter

**V**ery early in the process of planning each issue of *Atlantic Insight*, about two months before the issue will reach you, we face the regular monthly crisis of The Cover. When we do them right, they catch your eye on the newsstands and tell you to ignore all those other competing magazines, that ours is the one you should buy. If you're a subscriber, they encourage you to open the latest issue right up and read it straight through. That means that the major stories in each *Insight* must be promoted on the cover with catchy lines, that design and colors must be carefully chosen and that we have the right shot.

At this point in our production schedule, business starts to boom for our director of photography, David Nichols. Getting the right cover shot, either by doing it himself or assigning it to our staff photographer, Jack Cusano, or any of the other photographers he deals with around the region, is his job. Mostly, he likes it. But there are days.

So it was, early in July, that Dave began trying to arrange for a photo session with Jerry Nickerson, head of the large North Sydney, N.S.-based fish processing firm of H.B. Nickerson and Sons. (Nickerson's was to have been our September cover story but, when the postal strike forced us to combine our August and September issues, we rescheduled it for October.)

On July 6, Dave made his first telephone call to Jerry Nickerson's secretary in North Sydney. She promised to have Nickerson call but later she phoned back to say her boss was too busy to have his picture taken. Reporters and photographers are used to not always getting enthusiastic receptions and Dave, an otherwise



MacInnes: He stood by—a lot



sensitive chap, has trained himself not to burst into tears on these occasions. He phoned back for several days before finally getting hold of Nickerson, who asked why we didn't leave him alone. He also said he was still busy but would call back later in the week.

The days wore on, our deadline got closer and Dave and I took to meeting daily in my office where, depending on the results of the day's telephone calls, we either smiled grimly or tore our hair. We'd given up on getting anything like our usual cover photo session, which can last for hours or even days. Could we please, please just have 15 minutes? Well, maybe. They'd call back.

Dave phones freelance photographer Keith MacInnes in Sydney and tells him to stand by. He does, but his phone doesn't ring. Finally—eureka!—MacInnes gets an appointment to photograph Nickerson at 8 a.m. on July 14. When he shows up at the office, Nickerson is in Ingonish. While the secretary is phoning Nickerson, MacInnes asks if he can come down and is told nothing doing. They make an appointment to do the shot later that afternoon.

MacInnes shows up half an hour early. Nickerson wants to clear off his desk and has to make a phone call. MacInnes asks to set up his equipment, isn't told he can't, and, after he's ready and Nickerson is still on the phone, uses the time to snap a few candid shots of his subject. Well, one candid shot. Nickerson sets the phone down on the desk and invites MacInnes to leave the office. Promptly.

Our one candid shot of Jerry Nickerson is on page 22. We hope you like it. The fish which became the subject of our arresting, unusual October cover raised no objection when Dave Nichols showed up to take its picture. The shot of Keith MacInnes on this page was taken by his wife, Marlene. As far as we know, he hasn't invited her to leave.

*Marilyn MacDonald*





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## Feedback

### Other theatres have unions

Confederation Centre does not have "the only unionized backstage in the region," as your article on the Charlottetown Festival states (*The High Cost of Success*, Cover Story, July). The International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, which services Confederation Centre, has affiliates in Saint John, Moncton, Sydney-Glace Bay, Halifax-Dartmouth and St. John's. Secondly, the implication that our salaries are on a par with those in Toronto is nonsense. Wages paid our members by Confederation Centre range between \$4.60 an hour to \$9.92 an hour, compared with \$15 an hour for our counterparts in Toronto.

*Rick Warren*  
International Alliance of  
Theatrical Stage Employees, Local 906  
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

### Don't pity us

Thank you for publishing an article about our age-group and our problems (*Atlantic Canada's Forgotten Women*, The Region, June). I think more emphasis could be put on our inability to buy nourishing food. Taxes, power bills and so on must be paid in full, and ultimately we are left with cruel price increases and the ever-present fear of joining the ranks of those eating pet food. I'd also like to point out that there are many men who share our problems. Employers are getting rid of retirees early, before their pensions are due. But we're not, as your article seems to suggest, incapable of coping. Please don't pity us. We've been survivors all our lives.

*Joan Harris*  
New Ross, N.S.

## Extra! Extra!

Now that the postal strike is over, *Atlantic Insight* will resume publication every month as usual. Because of the strike, we combined the August and September issues into one big issue. This means that we delivered one less issue to subscribers than we'd promised in 1981. To make up for that, we will extend your subscription for one month past its expiry date.





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## Feedback

### Cameron not to blame

Parker Barss Donham's article on the community press in Atlantic Canada (*The Report Tom Kent Isn't Writing*, *The Region*, June) leaves a false impression concerning the closing of Halifax's *4th Estate*. It did not close because of industrialist R.B. Cameron or the actions of his companies, but because of non-payment of bills. This situation was caused by lack of financial support from advertisers. There is no mention of the substantial amount of money owed Kentville Publishing Co. Ltd., or of the fact that Mr. Cameron personally overruled the company management's decision to halt printing of *The 4th Estate*. I must point out that I am not acting as an apologist for the Cameron Group; in fact, I am in the process of suing them. But fair comment requires someone to set the record straight.

Allan D. Lynch,  
Publisher

*The Kings County Record*  
Sussex, N.B.

### We done good

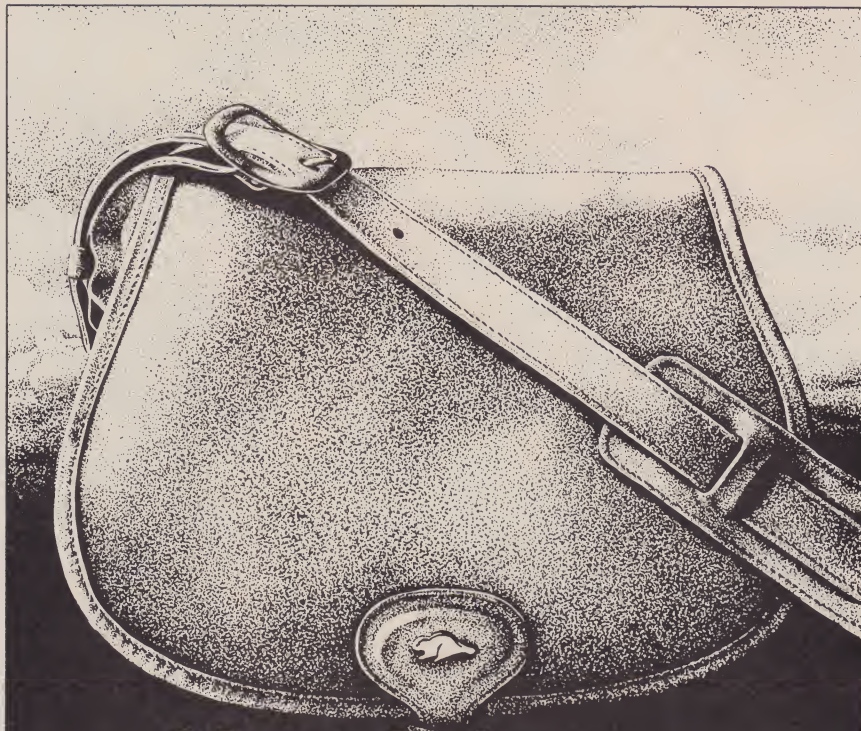
I was taken aback by Doris Rolph's letter (Feedback, May) criticizing your grammar in printing "Fonse Faour insists it will be him." Though I share her respect for proper usage, "It will be he" just didn't sound right to me. Sure enough, in reading through Strunk and White's authoritative *Elements of Style*, I found the advice that good taste sometimes calls for the use of colloquialism rather than formal phrasing. For example, Strunk and White ask, would you write "The worst tennis player around here is I" or "The worst tennis player around here is me"? Ms. Rolph may be technically correct, but in the context of a popular magazine, your usage appears quite acceptable. You ain't done so bad after all!

Bernice M. Wissler  
Shelburne, N.S.

### Terrific from any angle

With every issue of *Atlantic Insight*, I find myself hesitant to reach Ray Guy's column because once I get that far, I have to wait another month for the next issue. You're a terrific magazine from any angle. My lifetime subscription was one of my better decisions—and you're only two years old. Seems you've always been here.

Jean Mahoney  
Fredericton, N.B.



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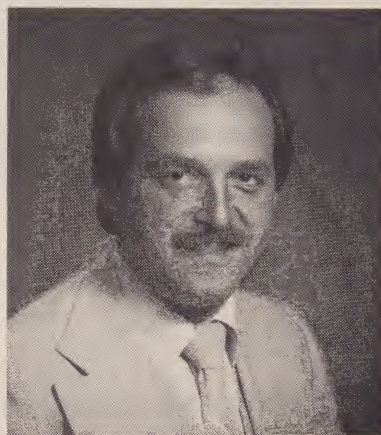
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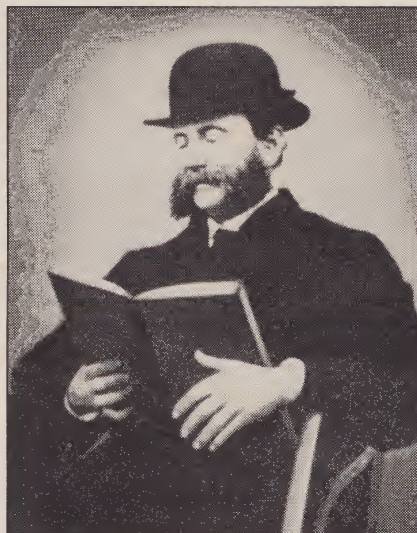
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• **Region**

## to last straw: VIA Rail in Atlantic Canada

the study, the graduate school accepted 22 of the 25 students who applied. However, only the first 10 of the applicants received offers, and approximately a dozen more from the region were grouped in a "waitlist" category, and offered admission only if other spots at a university fell through. Of 25, 22 accepted, and 10 of those 22 were from the region. The school is a Division II school, and competes in the Midwestern Athletic Conference. The school is a Division II school, and competes in the Midwestern Athletic Conference. The school is a Division II school, and competes in the Midwestern Athletic Conference.





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## The Region

# From last spike to last straw: VIA Rail drops the axe on Atlantic Canada

*Cancellation of VIA's Atlantic Limited in November would set rail service in the region back 100 years. People here care a lot. Does Ottawa?*

By Jon Everett

**S**tacked up against the mountain of grievances Atlantic Canadians have harbored against central Canada since Confederation, the loss of a train may seem hardly bigger than a straw. But for many in the region, Ottawa's threat to axe VIA Rail's Atlantic Limited Nov. 15 looks like the last straw. Even in conservative groups, the reaction is fierce. "Separatism is not a word I'd use," says Norman Harrington, president of the very circumspect Saint John, N.B., Board of Trade. "But I think this may be a time when we have to look closely at our continuing in Confederation."

If the axe falls as promised, the feds will be cutting rail service—outside of Quebec and Ontario—back to the level of a century ago, when the last spike, driven to complete the first transcontinental railway, assured the survival of Confederation. "The Maritimes are being used," says Jack Little, chief ticket agent of VIA Rail in Saint John. "We originally started Confederation. And, the bastards, now we're paying for their upkeep."

The Atlantic Limited, one of two transcontinental trains serving the Maritimes, runs from Halifax to Montreal through southern and western New Brunswick. VIA's other train, the Ocean Limited, runs through northern and eastern New Brunswick. For the past few months, the Atlantic has been jammed with passengers. But no trains in Canada make money. The Atlantic lost \$25 million last year, and the feds need money to buy new trains for the Quebec City-Windsor, Ont., corridor. So the Atlantic and the Edmundston-to-Moncton railcar (five internal Maritime routes are served by

streetcar-like diesel railcars) will have to go.

There's no doubt the proposed changes will hurt the economy of the Atlantic region. Union officials expect Halifax and Moncton to lose the most jobs. Most of the on-board workers live in Halifax, and maintenance is done at Moncton. Webb Vance of Moncton, Atlantic vice-president of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers, which is one of three unions affected, says a Moncton cab company plans to lay off 10 drivers when the Atlantic goes. McAdam, N.B., gateway to Maine, already gravely wounded by the shutdown of its Georgia-Pacific mill, may receive the last rites. Vance says the removal of the Atlantic is particularly cruel after the wipeout of 10 CN Express offices that cost the region 300 jobs. "A town like Amherst, N.S., used to have 30 to 40 employed at the station," he says. "Now there'll be one. And the bus from P.E.I. will travel all the way to Moncton to meet the train instead of to Amherst." Vance predicts that the loss of the Atlantic means Newfoundland can kiss rail connections good-bye. The Newfoundland ferry service and the Sydney-Truro railcar are tied in with the Atlantic. Vance says VIA won't

change the Ocean schedule to connect with the ferries, and CN Marine won't change its ferry schedule.

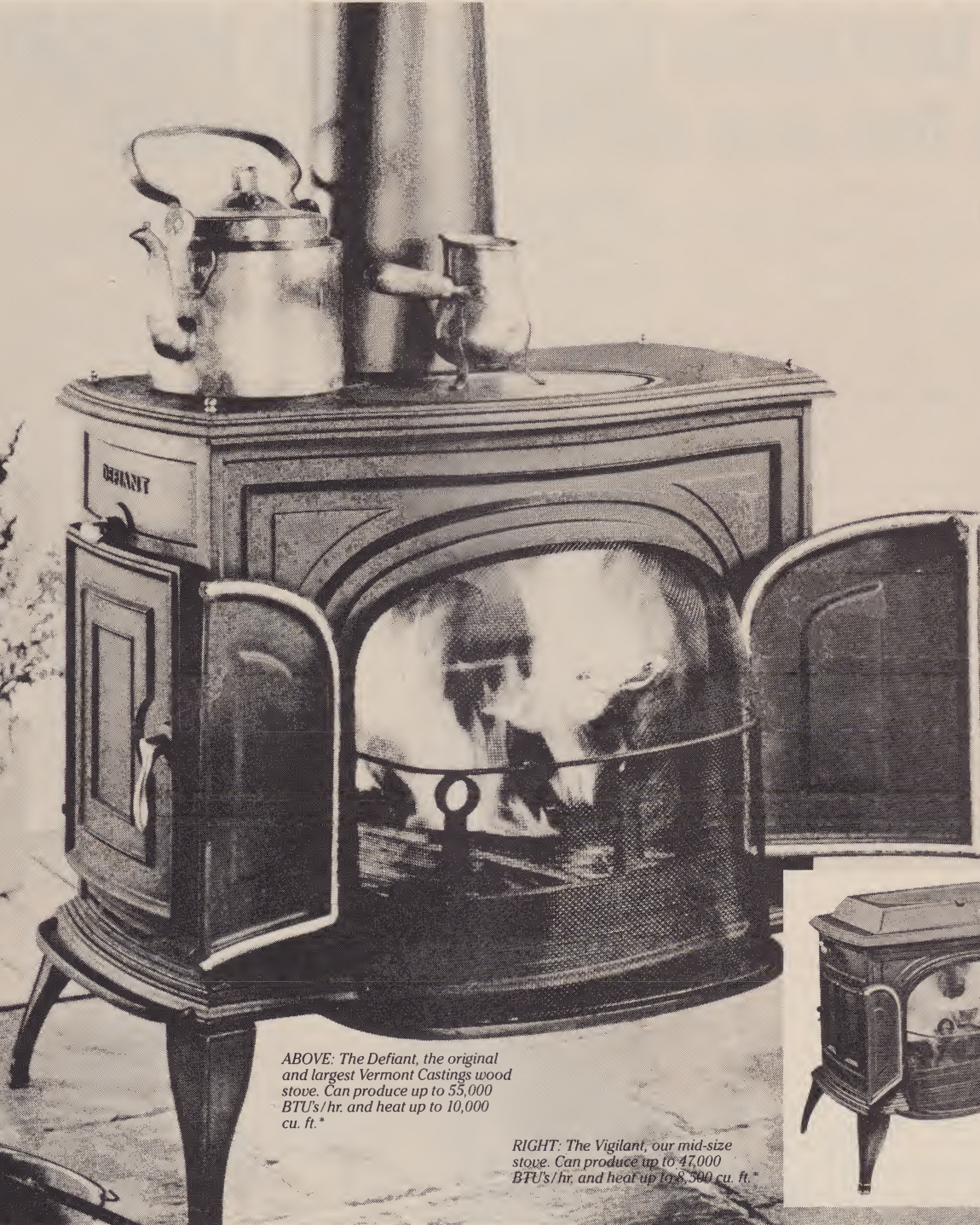
The cuts include destruction of the Edmundston-to-Moncton railcar service, an efficient, 4½-hour link between New Brunswick's northwest French-speaking communities and Moncton, the francophone university and cultural centre in the southeast. Buses between Edmundston and Moncton take nine hours, and even cars are no match for the train. For several central N.B. communities, such as Chipman, the train is the sole means of public transportation. (New Brunswickers consider removal of this train strange in view of Ottawa's decision not to terminate a similar railcar between Matapédia and Gaspé in Quebec, even though it's slower than buses serving the same route.)

Ottawa also proposes to extend the Halifax-to-Saint John railcar service to Fredericton, even though miles of track into Fredericton haven't been used for 20 years and will have to be reconstructed. Buses make several trips daily between Saint John and Fredericton, a distance of 96 km. Currently,





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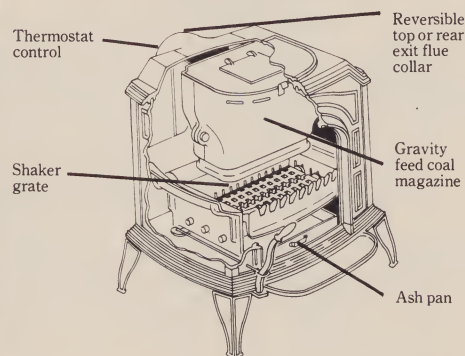
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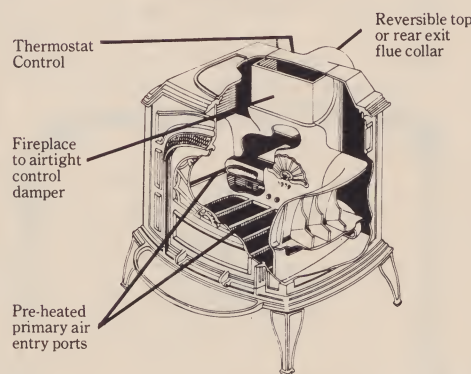
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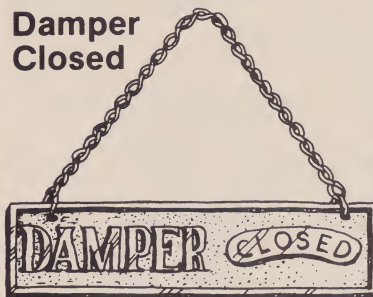
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## **The Region**

Fredericton travellers go 34 km by bus to Fredericton Junction to catch the Atlantic. The extension is bound to mean a schedule change. The train now leaves Halifax at 5 p.m. and is well used, at least as far as Moncton. It arrives in Saint John at 11:30 p.m., and unless people start flocking to a midnight train to Fredericton, there will have to be an earlier departure from Halifax.

For Saint John residents, the Atlantic's demise will mean an increase of at least six hours in travelling time to Montreal. The 757-km trip, on a route started by CP in 1890, now takes only 12 hours. Even today, that's as fast as by car, and because the train travels overnight, it's effectively a mobile motel. The new deal is a 1,000-km odyssey that starts with a trip to Moncton to make connections eventually with the Ocean. The ordeal is supposed to last only 18 hours, but those who recall a similar "service" operated by CN know that this journey can drag on much longer.

The loss of the Atlantic also destroys Saint John's chances of having a new train station. Up to a decade ago, central Saint John had a magnificent Union Station with colonnades, marble walls and terrazzo floors. After CN tore it down to put up a parking lot, CP opened a small, but respectable, station on the west side and CN did the same on the east side. Each station was absurdly remote from the other, as well as from hotels and city bus lines.

In 1979, the Canadian Transport Commission (CTC) instructed VIA to build a central station, and the company produced a "temporary station" near the site of the old Union Station, promising to replace it "within a year." The "station" consists of two trailers on either side of a shed and contains benches and toilets but no food outlets, not even a pop machine. J. Frank Roberts of Montreal, VIA president and chairman, visited Saint John's glorified outhouse and said, "It'll do for Saint John."

VIA Rail, the government agency created to take over Canada's passenger trains from the CNR and CPR, started the current passenger service in 1979, using a plan devised by the CTC after a two-year study of the national system, including six months of public hearings. CN had operated two transcontinental trains out of Halifax via Campbellton in northeastern New Brunswick, and CP had one out of Saint John via Maine. Under the CTC plan, the three transcontinentals were consolidated into two, but the only reduction in service was one trip

between Campbellton and Montreal. Halifax retained its two trains, with the Ocean following the old CN route and the Atlantic turning west at Moncton for Saint John and following the CP route to Montreal. Northeastern New Brunswick received a railcar to maintain twice-daily service between Campbellton and Moncton.

The CTC produced its sublime plan in 1979 by consulting everyone. VIA Rail produced its cutback plan in 1981 by consulting no one. VIA usually submits its requests for changes in service to the CTC, which monitors service under the Railway Act. But in this case, Ottawa told VIA Rail it could ignore the CTC because the Ministry of Transport would approve all changes directly.

VIA Rail's top executives didn't discuss the proposed changes with even their own regional officials in the Maritimes. According to one source, the Ministry of Transport gave VIA a reduced budget for next year and asked for a list of changes to meet the budget. "The cuts for the VIA Atlantic region were all done at Montreal headquarters without any reference to the people down there."

The result is that Atlantic Canadians are not amused. If the Atlantic goes—and the current mood holds—Mike Landers, Liberal MP for Saint John, may finish behind the Rhinoceros party in the next federal election. Gary McCauley, Liberal MP for Moncton, probably will fare no better. Even Eymard Corbin, Liberal MP in normally safe Madawaska, may feel some heat. Edmundston Mayor Pius Bard says it's no use asking Corbin to help save the Edmundston train. When a delegation approached Corbin about the closing of the city's CN Express office, Bard says, "he told us he was a member of the government party and he will support their policies no matter what." On the other hand, Saint John's Liberal Senator Dan Riley, an MP in 1948, has promised blood on the floor of the Senate if the government persists in railroading the Atlantic.

The Liberal government justifies its planned cuts on the basis that train service across Canada lost \$320 million last year. Critics of the move respond that the government spends even more money subsidizing air travellers, who are generally wealthier than rail travellers. "You don't see wealthy men here, do you?" asks Derek Gadd, of Hampton, N.B., as he stands in the Saint John railway station. "Look at all the children, mothers and students. Don't they count?" In Ottawa's eyes, at least, it seems they don't. ☒





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## Prince Edward Island

# Drink up. And come quietly

*New Island laws could give police power to stop you from tipling—even in your own home*

**I**magine this: You're sitting at the kitchen table minding your own business, quaffing a pint of booze and exercising your lungs with a hearty rendition of "My Old Island Home." A passing policeman gets the idea that all this exuberance is too much for a normal, sober man and hauls you out of your house and into the nearest treatment centre for alcoholics. Impossible? Not in Prince Edward Island.

Under provincial legislation that was due to be proclaimed early this fall, the police can make you go to a treatment centre or psychiatric unit for 72 hours—or up to two weeks if a doctor decides you need treatment. The Act to Amend the Mental Health Act says a police officer "may enter a private premises to remove a person considered by him to be suffering from a mental disorder caused by the use of alcohol or other chemical substance and may use such reasonable force as is necessary" to take that person to a psychiatric unit or treatment centre. And the Addiction Services Act gives a police officer the power to take into custody any person in a public place "apparently in an intoxicated condition...and if it appears to the officer that the person may be in need of remedial treatment by reason of the abuse of alcohol or drugs, he shall take him to a treatment facility designated by the minister."

If any of this bothers Islanders, few of them are saying so. Last spring, Health and Social Services Minister Jim Lee piloted the bills through the legislature with little difficulty, although Liberal opposition members did question the broad powers given police. The Island's news media scarcely mentioned the bills.

But late this summer, two members of the Toronto-based Citizens' Commission on Human Rights, sponsored by the Church of Scientology, flew to the Island, and the new legislation finally became an issue. Commission chairman Barry Hobbs and member Nicole Marano called the legislation "a benign erosion of human rights" and brought it to the attention of newspapers, radio stations and the P.E.I. Civil Liberties Association, whose president, Leo Cannon, admitted he hadn't known about the bills. The civil rights activists even collected 150 names on a petition against the

director of P.E.I. Addiction Services, who acted as an adviser when the legislation was drawn up, says that after the House discussed the legislation, "nobody said anything about it for three or four months."

P.E.I. already has a law—the Liquor Control Act—that makes it an offence to be drunk in public. But that's not good enough, Triantafillou says. An overnight jail stay or a small fine doesn't get to the root of the alcoholic's problem. The Criminal Code allows police to lay a charge in a "crisis" situation, such as when an alcoholic husband assaults his wife or kids. Sentencing often includes time in a treatment centre. But such cases seldom get that far, Triantafillou argues. "The wife can lay charges against her husband one day, but the next day she comes along and withdraws them."

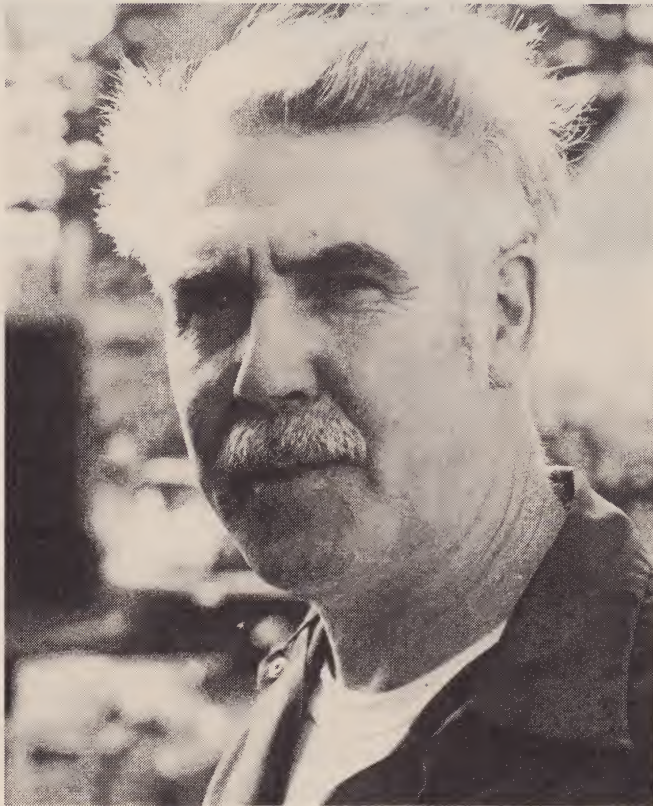
Health officials had treatment centres across the Island but a lack of willing customers. Alcoholics would come to a centre, have a bath and a good breakfast and leave. "One man came 22 times in one month," Triantafillou says. "He wouldn't even stay an extra six hours to watch an audiovisual program [on alcoholism]." As a result, Triantafillou says, a lot of money went to the treatment centres but accomplished nothing.

"We are not talking about going around and arresting all alcoholics," Triantafillou says. He admits the new law is open to abuse. "But that is the case with all legislation. We trust people to implement it honestly."

But that's just what bothers opponents of the legislation. Leo Cannon says it gives police powers that are far too broad. "We all know what happened with the McDonald Commission [on RCMP wrongdoing]. That showed that police abuse their powers."

Cannon says the Civil Liberties Association will carry on the campaign started by the Toronto-based group. "We don't want to create a disturbance until we hear both sides," he says. "I understand there are people [alcoholics] who need help. But we need to build in safeguards. We want to give police a narrow avenue to deal with this, not the sweeping powers they will have."

— Rob Dykstra



Leo Cannon: He worries about new powers for police

legislation.

The fact that the activists were from Toronto was not overlooked. Government and health agency officials supporting the legislation said they found it touching that Toronto residents were so concerned about the Island and stopped just short of saying that it was none of their business. Lee insisted that the criticism didn't matter because Islanders themselves hadn't spoken out. Dr. Mark Triantafillou,





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but my heart was miles away."**

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## Aquitaine mines a rich vein of controversy

*Aquitaine Canada can't say exactly how it will dispose of uranium wastes, but insists it will be done safely. That's not good enough, say environmentalists*

**D**airy farmer Bob Wilson, the third generation in his family to farm the green and peaceful Annapolis Valley land that lies below Nova Scotia's South Mountain, is a big man with broad shoulders and a powerful handshake. He doesn't look like the kind of person who'd be easily frightened. But he feels threatened by something silent, invisible and deadly.

Five miles up the mountain from Wilson's farm, at Upper Vaughan, Aquitaine Canada Ltd. is exploring for what it hopes will be a body of uranium ore large enough to justify mining within the next two years. Bob Wilson worries that uranium mining produces radiation. "I'm a little concerned about what may happen, say, 20 or 40 years down the road, when you get a pile of this stuff [uranium waste] around here, and they decide that the way they were mining it wasn't safe," he says. "There is a lot of room for mistakes."

Wilson, who is president of the Hants County Federation of Agriculture, has asked the provincial government to stop uranium mining in Nova Scotia until the dangers associated with the industry are better understood. And groups as diverse as the Women's Institutes of Nova Scotia, the provincial NDP, the Hants West municipal council and various environmental organizations have also joined the call for a moratorium.

Aquitaine, which has 40 people doing exploration work at the Hants County site this year, says 200 more would be needed to build the mine, and 150 to 200 would be employed once the mine was operating. The Hants County site—one of the most promising—is only one of many in the province. Nine other companies are also looking for uranium, from Digby to Margaree, and a Hants County citizens' group, Citizen Action to Protect the Environment (CAPE), warns that uranium mining could ultimately affect 45 Nova Scotia communities, including metropolitan Halifax.

Don Pollock, Aquitaine's eastern

manager, complains the citizens' groups "hold meeting after meeting, bombarding the residents with three main topics—death, cancer and contamination. If you knew nothing about the industry, you too would be convinced that uranium mining would produce those results." The truth is that the technology exists, Pollock insists, to mine uranium safely.

The protesters' main concern is waste disposal. Even after it is mined, about 85% of the radioactivity remains in the uranium waste. Some of it remains radioactive for about half a billion years. Physicist Larry Bogan of Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., a former radiation safety officer for the University of Connecticut, says the radioactive material can seep into the water system, or be carried away by wind-blown dust or radon gas from the wastes. A moratorium, he suggests, would allow time to research the effects of this exposure on the surrounding community.

Pollock says Aquitaine hopes to dispose of the waste products so "you can have a picnic on the waste site," he says. But the company can't say at this point exactly how the waste products will be treated, he says. "That's all related to the topography and to the situation at the actual site, so we cannot answer specific questions at this stage because we simply haven't got that far."

What worries CAPE's David DeWolfe is that the government department promoting a potential uranium mining industry for Nova Scotia—the Department of Mines and Energy—is the one that regulates mining and milling. The provincial government has given no indication it will delay mining operations, but has set up a select committee of the legislature to study ways of regulating the industry. The committee is expected to look at mines in France and Ontario in October and then hold public hearings. Environmentalists will push the government to follow British Columbia's lead. Last February, B.C. declared a seven-year moratorium on uranium mining

JACK CUSANO



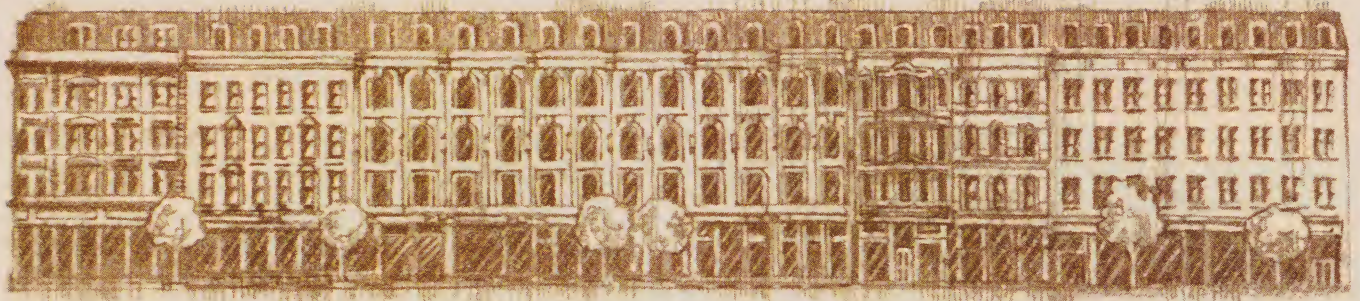
**Wilson: Worried about impact of mine**

in that province in response to pressure from citizens' groups as well as the B.C. Medical Association, which concluded that the technology does not yet exist to allow uranium to be mined safely. Meanwhile, the industry is exploring for uranium in all other provinces except P.E.I., which does not have uranium deposits. Mining has been going on in Saskatchewan since the 1930s and in Ontario since the 1950s. But in April, 1980, the Newfoundland government turned down an application by Brinex to mine uranium in Labrador because the government wasn't satisfied with the company's analysis of environmental effects. Pollock says a seven-year Nova Scotia moratorium would be a serious threat to the industry in Canada. A freeze in Nova Scotia could also discourage exploration in the Northwest Territories, he says, "and Canada could wind up with no uranium whatsoever."

To people such as Bob Wilson, seven years is a short time—especially compared with the 23,000 generations radioactive wastes remain dangerous. "My major concern is the impact a mine may have on this area environmentally," Wilson says. "Maybe not so much what will happen while Aquitaine is mining here; it is what will happen when they leave, the effects on our little area for a long time to come."

— Gwen Davies and Bill Johnston





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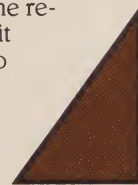


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## Newfoundland and Labrador

# John McGrath is not your ordinary bureaucrat

*As the government man who rules Labrador, he's got his fingers on all the buttons and his style is unique. Not everyone likes it*

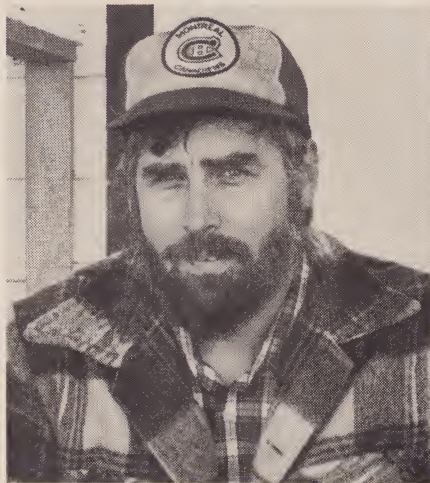
**T**he three biggest lies in the world," John McGrath says, his voice sounding cavernous over the telephone, "are 'One size fits all,' 'The cheque is in the mail,' and 'Hi, I'm from government and I'm here to help you.'" This from a man who, although quite unofficially, might be called the governor of Labrador. McGrath is chief representative of the hand of government in this mainland part of Newfoundland, and his glib put-down of his own role is completely in character. A big, blustery man of 46, McGrath enjoys playing the enigma, the imponderable element always somewhat out of place.

In a typical effort to confound his image, the assistant deputy minister of the Department of Rural, Agricultural and Northern Development wears blue jeans, rubber boots and a tattered Montreal Canadiens cap to the office in Happy Valley. Except for a single, worn, hooked mat, the office floor is bare. It gives the room that hollow sound. If work calls for visiting an Indian camp in the country, McGrath brings teacups wrapped in sheets of *The Village Voice*. He has an enormous grasp of literature and history—which he can and does use to intimidate his opponents—and a verbal prowess he flaunts with enthusiasm. Even an ordinary conversation with him can seem like a competitive exercise.

McGrath is a reformed heavy drinker. He likes to call himself a teetotaler because the word conjures up exactly the wrong picture. He breeds wild-looking sled dogs (they've been largely replaced by snowmobiles and McGrath wants to save them from extinction), and he's been known to join them in their howling. In his special corner of the living room at home, strewn with books on hydroponic gardening and small-is-beautiful economics, McGrath has hung a portrait of himself by Newfoundland artist Gerry Squires. Squires painted the picture in about an hour, the time it took him and McGrath to polish off a bottle of brandy, and in Squires's fashion, the subject looks as if he's just

awakened from a bad dream. "That was in my haunted days," McGrath says mysteriously, but his eyes have not lost that hint of suppressed violence.

None of which would be more than slightly interesting if McGrath had an ordinary bureaucrat's job in an ordinary place. In Labrador, McGrath's domain touches virtually every aspect of life, especially on the coast. He's involved not only in local industries such as fisheries and crafts but in education, water and sewer construc-



McGrath likes playing the enigma

tion, road building, community government. People in Nain, Hopedale, Davis Inlet, Postville and Makkovik buy their groceries in government stores. That's McGrath, too. He's the senior man-on-the-scene for the administration of federal-provincial funding for native people. Most of the money is federal, but the province administers it in Labrador, the only place in Canada where it's done that way. He also supervises a new DREE agreement for coastal Labrador. Together the two agreements come to nearly \$100 million, and they'll be the major source of funding for half a dozen Labrador communities for the next five years. With the strong-willed McGrath playing all those roles in a land of intense political ferment, the results can be explosive.

"Things have degenerated since John McGrath came in four years ago," says Jim Lyall of Nain. "We really feel he doesn't understand Labrador, especially northern Labrador." Lyall is executive director of the Nain-based Labrador Inuit Association. The LIA, the combined voice of five Inuit communities, is part of a revolution that has taken place in Labrador in the past decade. Ten years ago, few local groups spoke for Labrador. Today, the 40,000 Labradorians have set up more than 120 organizations, and some, such as the LIA, are influential, if sometimes struggling.

McGrath came to Labrador from the Northwest Territories, where he was a development officer for the territorial government. He arrived when the revolution was hitting its stride. The Newfoundland government created his job as a nod to ever louder calls for some form of regional control in Labrador. The position of commissioner for Labrador, a sort of ambassadorial posting Joey Smallwood set up to serve the mainland colony, had died out under the Conservatives, and the old Department of Labrador Affairs had been cannibalized. Optimists saw McGrath's appointment as a significant move toward decentralized government. Cynics say St. John's, unnerved by the rising political consciousness in Labrador, sent McGrath in to keep the lid on things. The appointee's upper crust background (his father was a St. John's physician who served as Health minister under Smallwood), and the fact that he moved into the house built for the commissioner, hardly discouraged this view. McGrath's presence has made Labrador's struggle with a remote government a personal one. Clara Michelin, a feisty young woman from North West River who runs the influential Labrador Resources Advisory Council, has her strategy for coping with the ADM, who towers over her by a full foot and a half. "I call him Johnny," she says.

McGrath, who says decentralization is his goal as well as the government's, sees himself as Labrador's "advocate" in the realms of Newfoundland power broking. Whatever his effectiveness in St. John's, he's locked horns with some of Labrador's local leaders, especially in native organizations. "Nobody wants to deal with John McGrath. It's as simple as that," says the LIA's Lyall.

"I'm accused of enjoying the fray a little bit too much," McGrath responds, "and that might be a fair comment."

— Amy Zierler





# Captain Morgan White.

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JAMES WILSON

## New jail for men, the "hole" for women

*Saint John's new jail has everything—except a place for women lawbreakers. That's what they used the "hole" for*

**F**or 139 years, Saint John kept its lawbreakers in the county jail, a decrepit three-storey labyrinth in the centre of the city. Prisoners, sometimes six to a cell, spent most of the day doing little but yell obscenities at passersby in the street below. The jail always seemed to be at the centre of some new controversy. Last January, in the jail's dying days, prisoners went on a rampage, and when police came to subdue them, the resulting mêlée became the subject of a messy public inquiry into allegations of police brutality.

Finally, on April 1, a glistening new jail, called the Regional Correctional Centre, opened in an outlying city neighborhood. Jail superintendent James Tremblatt declared that the dark ages had given way to an enlightened "new approach in corrections." The inmates would be referred to respectfully as "residents," not "prisoners," and they would occupy "rooms," not "cells." Many visitors to a preview open-house grumbled that the province intended to mollycoddle lawbreakers, but most people were impressed. Out of the public's sight, the jail quickly faded out of mind.

But by July, the jail was back in the news again. The spanking new facility might as well have been labelled "for men only." Reports circulated that officials were keeping woman prisoners in the "hole"—a segregation block designed for problem prisoners—and

giving them men's undershorts to wear.

The 1½-storey, brick correction centre looks like a high school among the lawns and trees of its 30-acre site. There are no bars on the windows, which look like the narrow windows of other air-conditioned buildings. Much of the 72,000-square-foot interior resembles a college dormitory. The inmates, most of them in their teens and early 20s, play pool, watch TV or gather around tables to talk. Each inmate sleeps in his own seven-by-12-foot cell, which contains a bed, sink, desk, window and panel of buttons to select the desired piped-in music from AM and FM radio stations. The 120 cells are divided into 24-cell blocks, which are sub-divided into 12-cell sections. Inmates move freely in the spacious day areas in their sections. The jail contains a library, gymnasium, industrial arts shops, classrooms and laboratory. But the jail also has a less pleasant section—a segregation block containing four cells for problem prisoners. Inmates call the segregation block the "hole." Women automatically went to the "hole."

One 44-year-old woman, sentenced to five days on a breathalyzer charge, says she had to share with a teen-age girl a cell that had neither window nor desk nor radio. The woman's bed was a mattress on the floor between the toilet and the girl, who started talking about having been slipped some LSD

in court. Frightened by the mention of LSD, the woman requested different quarters. She slept in an admittance room that first night, but the next day officials placed her in a room with nothing in it but a chair. Five hours later she was taken back to the cell occupied by the girl.

When the woman first arrived, prison attendants handed her a pile of men's clothing, including undershorts. Although a matron went off to find panties for her, the incident became a public symbol of how the jail treated women. The woman was so shaken up during her three-day stay, she couldn't eat. "If my constitution wasn't as strong as it is," she says, "I would have cracked up. There were times when I thought I was going to."

The N.B. Advisory Council on the Status of Women observed: "It is an incredible situation to build such a facility and then relegate women to an area known as the 'hole.'" Wayne Maxwell of Fredericton, community services director with Correctional Services, said a decision had been made in 1977 not to set aside specific cells for women. Jail superintendent Tremblatt said, "We don't have facilities for women. This is an institution for a male population." When the 44-year-old woman described her experience as traumatic, Tremblatt commented, "She's probably right. Some people forget this is a jail. We've had hundreds of people say this place is too nice for them [inmates]..." He said the woman should have brought her own underwear or called a friend. "We don't stock women's clothing."

But after the fuss subsided, officials quietly set aside a 12-cell section for women. Bill Connor of Fredericton, Correctional Services director, said the original idea was to have such a section, but the jail quickly overflowed with males and sometimes there were no female inmates. Because women constitute only a fraction of the 400 prisoners in the provincial system, a 12-cell annex near Fredericton usually can handle them. The few coming into Saint John were channelled into segregation cells.

Mark Palmer, deputy jail superintendent, said while outer garments are the same for both sexes, women normally get feminine nightwear as well as underwear. As a result of the controversy, it's likely that all women will now receive bras and panties after they strip and shower. Jail officials know only too well how embarrassing it can be to be caught with your pants down.

— Jon Everett



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DAVID NICHOLS

Nickerson bought this Riverport, N.S., plant on the telephone

## H.B. Nickerson and Sons: The big, big fish in Canada's pond

*When Jerry Nickerson took over the North Sydney, N.S., family business, he launched a series of moves that dazzled local financial wizards and created a quarter-billion dollar empire. It's based on the fishing industry and Nickerson knows a lot about the fishing industry. He just doesn't like to talk about it*

By Parker Barss Donham

If there were a view from the board chairman's office in the headquarters of H.B. Nickerson and Sons of North Sydney, it would look out on the aging grey plant that marked the company's beginnings 46 years ago. There is no view. A gauzy, off-white drape covers the entire east wall of the room, obscuring its solitary pair of windows. The office is impersonal: There are no photographs, paintings, bric-a-brac or mementoes, except for three packages of Nickerson's frozen fish products standing on a side table. The standard-issue office desk, piled high with papers, might have come from Sears.

From these inauspicious surroundings, Jerry Edgar Alan Nickerson oversees a fish-based empire that spans four continents and includes at least 37 fish plants, 81 deepsea fishing vessels, a shipbuilding yard, a ship repair yard, a ship chandlery, a machine shop, a trucking firm, a construction company, a helicopter charter service and two insurance companies. The centrepiece of the Nickerson holdings is the giant National Sea Products, which Nickerson commandeered in a breathtaking 1977 coup that shocked Nova Scotia's financial elite. At the time, National Sea was three times larger than H.B. Nickerson itself. Taken together, these holdings make Jerry Nickerson the most powerful entrepreneur in

Canada's \$2-billion fishing industry. Yet he plays out his role from an office that looks as if it belongs to the supervisor of the company typing pool. "That office speaks volumes about the man," says Peter John Nicholson, a Stanford-educated, former Ottawa mandarin who abandoned a newly won seat in the Nova Scotia legislature to serve as Nickerson's chief lobbyist and public spokesman. "Do you suppose there's anyone in North America with holdings as big as his whose office

is that modest? It's almost eccentric. But he's not an eccentric."

Not by a long shot. Nickerson's lifestyle is painfully ordinary. His ranch-style house on the outskirts of North Sydney could use a coat of paint. He drives a three-year-old Jeep Wagoneer. He comes to the office in shirtsleeves, and when travelling, he's been known to economize by sharing a room with his brother, Harold, the company president. "I can't say from first-hand knowledge," says a senior company executive, "but I strongly suspect they pay some of the people who work for them more than they pay themselves. They put everything back into the company."

Though his office may speak volumes about his personality, Nickerson has little to say for himself. A tall, stocky man whose light brown hair is gradually turning mouse grey, Nickerson projects an image of shy friendliness in one-on-one conversations and small groups. But he is an atrocious public speaker, given to painful silences when confronted with a microphone. As a consequence, he is notoriously wary of the press. Though he agreed with little hesitation to be interviewed for this article—perhaps his fourth interview in the past four years—he added one crippling stipulation: He wouldn't talk about the fishing industry.

That ruled out a lot of territory. Canada's fishing industry is currently embroiled in a crisis some predict will lead to widespread bankruptcies. National Sea Products lost \$2.3 million on fishing operations last year. The United Maritime Fishermen co-op lost \$3.5 million. Directors of the Bank of



Jerry Nickerson at work

KEITH MACINNIS



Nova Scotia—lenders to H.B. Nickerson and much of the rest of the industry—met quietly in St. John's this spring to review the bank's fisheries accounts. There are signs that even Nickerson's may be feeling a pinched cash flow. The company recently approached the Nova Scotia Resources Development Board seeking adjustments in loans to several of its subsidiaries that would permit transfer of cash or collateral to the parent firm. The board said no, but if Jerry Nickerson is worried, he isn't confiding in *Atlantic Insight*.

**T**he immediate cause of that crisis isn't hard to discern. Industry costs for fuel, vessels, gear and borrowed money have soared, while fish prices remain about where they were five years ago. Only the sales edge provided by a devalued Canadian dollar has staved off disaster. Processors say their problems are made worse by the seasonal nature of Canada's fisheries. More than half of Canada's groundfish is caught by small inshore vessels during the fine summer months. The resulting glut requires extra processing plants that stand idle much of the year. It also means prolonged storage of processed fish. Both are expensive propositions when interest rates climb above 20%.

The standard processors' solution to these problems is to give more fish to the large offshore trawlers, which can fish year round (and most of which just happen to be owned by large processors). If Jerry Nickerson won't go on the record in support of taking from the small and giving to the large, spokesman Nicholson is less reticent. He says the deepsea fleet needs about 60% of the groundfish, a goal he says can be reached "without taking a single pound from the inshore fleet"—as long as all future expansion due to rebuilding stocks is allocated to offshore vessels.

Critics say that amounts to a view that what's good for H.B. Nickerson is good for the Atlantic provinces. Roméo LeBlanc, Canada's seemingly permanent minister of Fisheries and a man processors love to hate, believes the offshore fleet is already too big. The real problem, LeBlanc says, is that processors aren't doing a good enough job selling fish abroad. He even threatens to have the government take over the marketing of fish if Canadian processors don't stop competing with one another overseas. Such musings send shivers down processors' spines.

Kevin Squires, a Big Bras d'Or, N.S., lobster fisherman active in the Maritime Fishermen's Union, says fisheries policy has to consider more than just corporate efficiency. "The

industry serves a very useful purpose spreading wealth all round the coastline," he says. "How else would you do that in the Maritimes?"

The commonly held view that H.B. Nickerson's interests conflict with those of inshore fishermen makes Jerry Nickerson bristle. Determined to stick to his pledge not to discuss the fishing industry, he resorts instead to a tactic that's become familiar to Nickerson staff, answering a question with a question. "How many of our plants get fish from the offshore fleet?" he asks. The answer, if you count only Nova Scotia plants owned directly by H.B. Nickerson, is two: Canso and Riverport. The rest depend almost exclusively on fish brought from inshore boats. "Even if someone could convince me it was in the company's interest to screw inshore fishermen, I wouldn't do it," he says, adding quickly, "but now we are discussing the fishery and I said I wouldn't do that."

One of the few things Nickerson will discuss is the phenomenal growth of his companies. It's one of the most dramatic stories in Maritime business history. In 1959, when Jerry joined the firm that his father and grandfather—Jeremiah Belton Nickerson and Harry Brooklyn Nickerson—had started 23 years earlier, it was just one of hundreds of family-owned fish processing shops. The company's entire holdings consisted of the North Sydney plant, a general store and fish buying station at Dingwall in northern Cape Breton, and a couple of small boats used for buying fish along the Cape Breton coast. Though Jerry had grown up with the company, he was also fresh out of Dalhousie with a bachelor of commerce, and his ideas about the company soon clashed with his father's more traditional approach. The younger Nickerson was critical of the

hidebound attitudes that pervaded the fish business. "I always felt the industry could have done better from a standpoint of technological development—new products and marketing," he recalls. "You need good people in order to do those things, and you needed a larger base than we had."

Within a year, the company began building its first fishing vessels, a pair of 60-foot longliners. Next, the Nickersons bought—and then sold—an interest in Bluewater Seafoods, a Newfoundland company. They used the resulting profits to finance construction of two deepsea draggers. In 1965, his father retired and Nickerson bought



Fishing dragger at sea

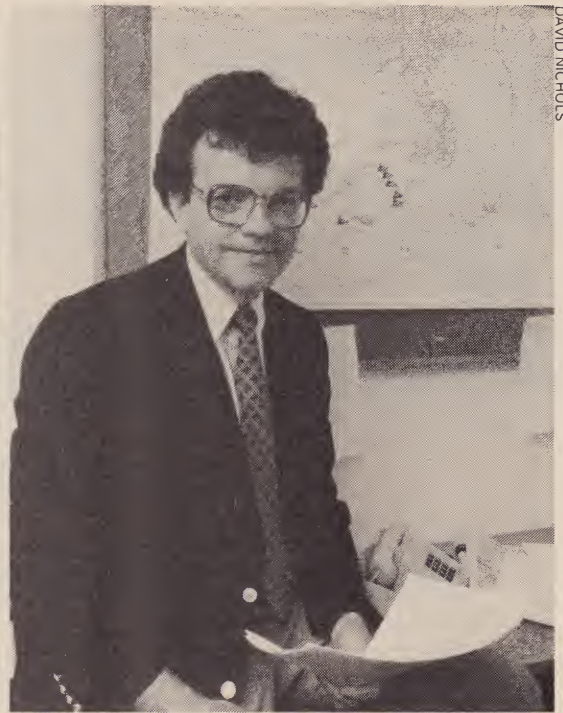
small plants at South Dildo and Charleston, Nfld. One evening that same year, brother-in-law Ross Ritcey, who owned a salt fish plant at Riverport, N.S., telephoned to say he had decided to sell out. He'd found a buyer for the plant, but thought he should check with Jerry first. Nickerson bought his fourth plant that



## Cover Story



The burning Lockeport plant, rebuilt on government money



DAVID NICHOLS

Nicholson: Nickerson's public voice

night on the telephone.

In 1969, Jerry was joined by younger brother Harold, a Domtar executive who brought with him degrees in law and business administration and an eye for detail. (As president of the firm today, Harold is regarded as the nickel-and-dimer who keeps the company's day-to-day operations on track, while Jerry is the visionary planner.) The company's next two purchases set a pattern that has come to symbolize Nickerson's style of expansion. Bankrupt plants at Georgetown, P.E.I., and Canso, N.S., faced closure, and the two provincial governments were under heavy pressure to save the jobs they provided. Nickerson was able to take over the plants at distress prices with financing from the provincial governments.

But it was the National Sea purchase that amazed Nova Scotia's financial community. Many of the province's wealthiest old families—the Morrises, the Smiths, the Connors, the Jodreys—owned large blocks of National Sea stock, but no one owned a majority interest. For years, senior management was able to control the company despite its minority position, but when an industry-wide slump plunged the firm to a \$1.3-million loss in 1974, shares started to change hands.

One of the buyers was H.B. Nickerson and Sons. Another

was the Empire Company, a holding company for the Sobeys supermarket family. By March, 1977, the two families owned a majority of National Sea's stock, and they announced a 21-year voting agreement to exercise control of the company. What they didn't announce was that the agreement included an option for Nickerson to buy out Sobeys' interest. Nickerson exercised the option four months later to become undisputed kingpin of the east coast fish processing industry. "It was

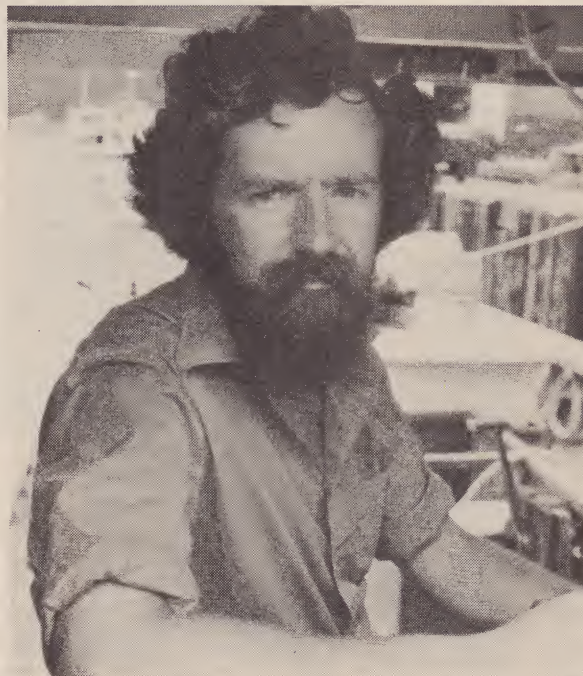
like a horse swallowing an elephant," then premier Gerald Regan mused at the time.

Considering the gloomy forecasts for the fishing industry at the time, the takeover was an enormous gamble. It paid off like a daily double. The industry quickly pulled out of its slump, losses turned to profits, and by 1978, National Sea's stock was worth roughly six times what Nickerson paid for it.

The National Sea coup dazzled the province's financial circles, but Nickerson professes not to know what all the fuss is about. "I just bought the shares." He shrugs. "I don't wish to be a smart-ass, but it was a perfectly ordinary transaction. There was nothing unusual about it. I don't think it was a question of my outguessing anybody."

Although both Nickerson brothers immediately took positions on National Sea's board of directors, the two companies continue to operate more or less separately (more, if you listen to company spokesmen; less, if you believe inshore fishermen). Because the much larger National Sea had greater management depth, and an out-and-out merger would have intensified cries of monopoly, the decision to maintain distinct identities was really just making a virtue of necessity.

Because of the Nickersons' almost pathological secrecy about their financial affairs, the



KEITH MACGILLIVRAY

Fisherman Kevin Squires



value of their holdings can only be guessed at. "The financial results are very closely held," says Peter John Nicholson. "I don't even ask to see them. If there's ever a leak, I want to be above suspicion." The balance sheet for National Sea, a publicly traded company, is a matter of record. Its net assets stand at \$209 million. If the Nickersons' other holdings amount to only one-third that much, the assets they own or control exceed a quarter of a billion dollars. Not bad for a family that owned just one fish plant 16 years ago.

**T**he Nickersons' preoccupation with secrecy threatened to sour the family's previously cordial relationship with the Nova Scotia government. In his last two annual reports, Nova Scotia Auditor-General Arnold W. Sarty sharply criticized the government for lending Nickerson-owned companies, including National Sea Products, more than \$52 million without receiving a consolidated financial statement of the family's holdings. Sarty said that despite numerous inquiries, he'd been unable to find anyone in government who understood "the over-all financial position of the Nickerson group."

The complaints irritate Jerry Nickerson. He accuses Sarty of trying to change the rules after loans had been granted. He notes that the books of each company receiving a loan had been opened to the province and says that if the government wanted more information, it should have asked for it at the time.

At least one provincial official did ask. "They stonewalled us right from day one," says Joseph Zatzman, the Dartmouth real estate developer who is chairman of the Nova Scotia Resources Development Board, creditor for most of the Nickerson loans. After many requests for a consolidated statement, Harold Nickerson and the company's auditor appeared in Zatzman's office with an armful of financial statements covering each of the dozen or so companies with outstanding loans. With Nickerson and the auditor watching, Zatzman spent two hours perusing the statements. The companies worked on a variety of different fiscal years. Zatzman was not permitted to make copies. He didn't learn much. "Many of these companies do business with each other," Zatzman said recently. "Some are supplying raw material. Some are processing. They're buying back and forth, and oftentimes it's very difficult to discern what's happening."

Both Zatzman and Sarty are quick to point out that none of the Nickerson accounts has ever been in arrears, and

Zatzman adds, "I wish we had one or two more Nickersons in Nova Scotia." Nevertheless, in May, 1980, with several loan applications pending, Zatzman wrote Jerry Nickerson to say that no further lending would be considered for firms in the Nickerson group until a consolidated financial statement was received.

The ban didn't last long. Less than two months after Zatzman wrote Nickerson, the National Sea plant at Lockeport burned, virtually wiping out employment in the town of 1,030. The provincial government reacted quickly, flying in two cabinet ministers to survey the damage. Premier Buch-

anan promised financial aid. As one Development Department source put it, "They were walking literally among the hot coals saying, 'Don't worry, it's going to be rebuilt.' Don't think the Nickersons and the Morrrows weren't listening."

National Sea, which had planned to reconstruct the plant on a piecemeal basis before the fire, took a hard line with the government. After nine months of dickering, the company agreed to accept a \$3.1-million grant from DREE and \$4.65 million in grants, forgivable loans and interest-free loans from the provincial government. When the estimated \$3-million

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## Cover Story

insurance settlement is thrown in, the total comes to about \$500,000 more than the expected \$10.3-million cost of the new plant. The two governments managed to disguise the extent of the giveaway by describing the \$10.3-million plant as "a \$15-million project," to which National Sea was supposed to contribute \$7 million. But National Sea's share turned out to consist of only the insurance money, the value of a freezer plant not damaged in the fire (an asset virtually worthless unless the plant is rebuilt) and the working capital

required to run the new facility (some of which would have been needed to run the old plant).

Businessmen, who might be expected to resent the generous treatment accorded Nickerson firms, often don't. "The government gave him sweetheart deals in order to keep the people working," says Irving Schwartz, a Sydney entrepreneur. "Then when the industry turned around, everybody was saying, 'That crooked bastard, Nickerson.' They forget that a few years earlier they were begging him to take

over those plants." Sandy Reeves, former chairman of Nova Scotia Power Corp., agrees. "He's maligned by a lot of jealous people who haven't got the guts to do what he's done."

But admiration for Nickerson isn't universal. A North Sydney shopkeeper whose store is near the Nickerson head office spent 15 minutes singing the family's praises before blurting out, "For heaven's sake don't quote me. Jerry would make no bones about stripping the ass off me if you quoted me. We can't afford the luxury of having him annoyed at us." People who've done business with Nickerson use words like "tough" and "ruthless." Nickerson professes bewilderment and asks if anyone supplied examples. Schwartz did. Once when they shared an airplane flight, Nickerson asked Schwartz if he wanted to sell his travel agency. Schwartz said no but suggested a deal for the agency to handle all of the Nickerson group's travel. "No way," replied Nickerson. "Giving you all that business would only make the agency worth more. Then when I do buy it, it'll cost me more."

Nickerson chuckles quietly when he hears the story repeated. He says the real reason he won't use Schwartz's agency is that it's too far from North Sydney. But he adds, "I'm not sufficiently perceptive of the way I'm perceived." A close friend isn't so sure. "Jerry likes to affect a very low key, droll, slow-speaking style," he says. "It's just old good-natured Jer."

The deceptive style masks a keen listener who soaks up far more than he gives away, even in the most casual conversations. Nickerson agreed to speak with *Atlantic Insight* for an hour, but the interview lasted almost three. For the first hour, he cautiously traced the company's history up to the National Sea takeover, but resisted all attempts to lure him into discussion of the problems besetting the industry or the processors' battles with LeBlanc.

But when I rose to leave, Nickerson stopped me with a question of his own. One question led to another until another two hours had elapsed. Finally, he demanded to know how I would handle the problems facing the fishery. The earnest tone of the question betrayed no hint of irony at the image of Cape Breton's only quarter-billionaire seeking advice from a reporter who can scarcely balance a cheque book. But the message—oblique, Nickersonian—was clear: These are tough issues. Knee-jerk attacks on successful processors won't help solve them. "Be a good fellow," said Jerry Nickerson, "and answer the question." ☒



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# PONTIAC





Machu Picchu: The Spaniards never found it

## Secrets of the Incas

*What's left of the culture they created, long extinguished by Spanish conquistadores, is the best reason of all to see Peru*

By Carl Boyd

**T**here is one good reason to visit the coastal city of Lima, Peru, the same reason that attracted the 16th-century Spanish conqueror Francisco Pizarro: Lima is a jumping-off point to Cuzco, one of the most wondrous cities in the world. Cuzco is an easy two-hour flight from Lima, over the foothills and up to the ridge of the Andes. Lima is poor, shabby and lacks spirit; Cuzco evokes the feeling of wonderment that might have come from looking at the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

Cuzco was the capital city of the Incas, who created a cultural centre that could lead a hemisphere. The conquering Spaniards tore down the palaces, temples, civic buildings of the Incas, but left the foundations and bulwarks that were needed to create level footings in this mountain city. On these footings the Spaniards then built their own cathedral and churches, and created in stone a blend of Spanish

Catholicism and Incan culture. You can see the two influences as you look from the top of the spires down along the facade of the colonial architecture to the solid, roughly faced but intricately carved stonework upon which the buildings sit.

When you look at a five-foot granite block, carved on many faces (one stone has 12 surfaces, all faced to lock against neighboring stones), you know that something wonderful went into its construction. Erich von Danicken in *Chariots of the Gods* suggests that the Incas shaped the rocks with lasers provided by ancient astronauts. It's really no harder to imagine than a group of Indians shaping the rocks by polishing them with sand and fitting 12 faces by trial and error. Either way, the feat speaks of a culture and a spirit that has been extinguished.

To get to the Incan settlements of the Andes, you have to go through Lima, but of all the cities I have visited in this world, Lima is the one to which

I least like to return. I first arrived there by plane at 10 o'clock on a Saturday night, knowing not a soul in the city. I was there to open negotiations with Peruvian oceanographers on a Canadian-Peruvian study of the Peruvian anchovy fishery. My first blow came when I tried to exchange Canadian dollars for Peruvian soles at the airport money exchange. The clerk told me U.S. dollars or perhaps German marks could be exchanged, but, sorry, my several hundred Canadian dollars were no good. It took a couple of minutes for the problem to hit me, but then the panic started to set in; there I was, in as alien an environment as I am ever likely to encounter, with no money and no means of getting money, speaking Spanish poorly, at night, on a weekend. The clerk at the traveller's aid office said, yes, the Canadian dollar was an off-beat currency in Peru, and that because of a troublesome inflation rate, no one knew what the Peruvian sol would be worth tomorrow, and it was therefore impossible to keep tabs on exchange rates of anything except the U.S. dollar. She did offer to call the hotel where I had a reservation, and to ask if the hotel would lend me some money for cab fare.

Mrs. Beech runs a quiet little pension in Lima where I had booked a



room in advance, and she bailed me out. Her home became a haven to me in the midst of Latin America and an island of proper British tea at 4 p.m. That Saturday night, Mrs. Beech grasped the situation over the telephone, spoke to a cab driver to give him directions, and told me she would be waiting up for me.

The road from the airport to Lima is a wide boulevard that runs through one of the several slums (*barrios*) of Lima, and it was along that road that my taxi driver roared with Latin abandon, with me in the front seat in order to see it all. I saw the man on the boulevard island on our left, joking with some friends, alive for about five seconds in my world. He was in his early 20s, wearing tan slacks and a light yellow shirt, and he stepped out on the street to go over to the *barrio* as we hit him. The impact threw him onto the hood of the taxi, right up to the windshield. We sat there while my cab driver uttered a Spanish oath that may have been a prayer, and we watched the dark blood appear on the street around the mouth of the man in the yellow shirt. Then the street filled with people swarming out of the *barrio*; cars stopped, and the scene became chaos. The body was picked up like a sack and dragged onto the back seat of my cab. My bag was thrown out, and the cab roared off down the road, leaving me in the care of another cabbie. Then, like flies being chased off a pie, everybody left, disappeared, no police, no ambulance, no names.

**M**rs. Beech met me at the door, showed me to my room and left me to push my nerve endings back under my skin. I stayed close to the boarding house until Monday morning, when I worked my way around several banks in Lima trying unsuccessfully to convince bank clerks that my Canadian dollars were actually worth something. At the fourth desk of the third bank I found a humanitarian who listened to my plea, made several phone calls, and finally obtained an exchange rate for Canadian dollars.

Lima is a spread-out town of three million people built in the desert along the Pacific. The earthquake zone of the Andes has restricted the height of downtown buildings to a few storeys, making the city an anomaly in this era of skyscrapers. Even though Lima is only a few hundred kilometres south of the equator and tropical by geography, it always seems to have long-sleeve weather; a jacket at night feels good. Prevailing winds along the Peruvian coast blow the water offshore. In its place, deep, cold ocean water wells up and brings its nutrients into the surface light. The waters are therefore

incredibly rich—three times as many fish are caught off Peru as off Nova Scotia and Newfoundland together. The sea is an oceanographer's dream; the beaches are too cold for swimming; the sky is always grey and misty, and it never rains (I haven't figured that part out yet).

Like other Latin American cities, Lima has enormous slums. It has almost no middle class, yet several thousand of its homes would make the south end of Halifax look like beggar's row. The walled estates of the suburbs of San Isidro and Miraflores house an upper class that, in the worst combination of capitalism and colonialism, apparently has repressed a spirited people and a country with many natural resources. A friend of mine who owns one of these houses operates a company that sells sacked cement and other building supplies in Lima; he employs about 100 workers who are paid the minimum wage of \$2 a day. He claims that some employers pay less than the minimum wage because there are so many unemployed in Lima, it's not difficult to find workers who won't make a fuss. The construction products sell through Lima at world prices, and my friend has a profit margin you wouldn't believe.

Downtown Lima is concentrated around two squares or plazas connected by Jirón de la Unión, a shopping street about six blocks long. The main tourist hotels are near Plaza Bolívar, and the stores in that area cater to the world's tourists. This is one of the few tourist centres in the world not overrun by Germans or tour buses. The tourists seem an even blend from affluent countries, all fascinated by the intriguing assortment of Peruvian silver and gold jewelry, Indian handcrafts,

wool and alpaca rugs and sweaters available in shops and from street pedlars. At the other end of the Jirón de la Unión lies the Plaza de Armas, with the presidential palace along one side and the cathedral along another. It is at this plaza that you first feel something of the history of Lima and get a glimpse of the brutality associated with its colonization.

Lima, like Halifax, was a colonial settlement and a garrison town. There were a few minor Incan settlements along that coast when Pizarro established Lima and its adjacent port city of Callao as part of Spain's campaign to loot as much gold as possible from the Incan citizens. Lima was the administrative centre for the Spanish conquests, and Callao was the port city from which gold ingots—made from melting down some of the most beautiful art objects civilization has ever produced—were shipped back to the courts of Spain. You can still see the foundry where these crimes were committed on the third side of the Plaza de Armas. Across the plaza is an enormous cathedral. In the first nave on the right is a glass coffin enclosing the mummified remains of Pizarro, in Spanish armor, a little runt of a man, scarcely five feet tall, his jaw bones wired together with cheap galvanized bailing wire that pokes through the dried skin. The gold mosaic walls behind him describe, in euphemistic phrases, the glorious history of this short soldier, who with the power of the Spanish court and the blessing of the Church, killed, tortured, robbed and destroyed a culture that was in many ways superior to anything Europe had to offer.

Pizarro caught the Incas at a bad time. He walked into Cuzco in the

PHOTOS BY CARL BOYD



The stonework foundations in Cuzco look rough but they're intricately carved



## Travel

aftermath of a civil war between supporters of two brothers, who each strove to be the king, or Inca, of the empire stretching from Ecuador to Chile. Pizarro, helped by myths about white gods, had no trouble capturing the victorious Incan brother and holding him ransom for a roomful of gold. Intrigue and deceit followed, and the *conquistadores*, instead of releasing their hostage, strangled him.

After Cuzco, visiting the fabled city of Machu Picchu is an anti-climax. The train back-switches its way up out of Cuzco and through the harsh and barren *altiplano* that was the agricultural heartland where the Incas grew what eventually became our tomatoes, potatoes, corn and lima beans. There's a sharp transition from the cold and dry *altiplano* at 3,000 m, into the jungle foliage at 2,000 m where Machu Picchu is hidden. Clouds of swirling dust give way to streaks of mist and tropical rain clouds that once protected this fortified pinnacle from the eyes of the *conquistadores*.

If you know what to look for, you can see stone-walled terraces that retain the soil (carried up the mountain by hand?) that grew crops to make the fortification siege-proof. It is a miraculous city, never found by the Spanish, but abandoned by the Incas as their culture died. The question you ask as you wander through paths and houses is "Why is all this here?" The answer is that it was a religious centre, a focal point of spirituality. Away up there on a rainy mountain in the jungle it sure as hell wasn't a summer resort, and as a military fortification it controlled nothing. You can stay overnight in Machu Picchu at the small hotel on the mountain top. Walking through the deserted city as the sun rose touched my emotions as few things have.

Most of Peru's northeastern corner is on the other side of the Andes, in the jungles of the Amazon basin. Iquitos, a thriving city 75 years ago, was the hub of Peru's rubber market, based on latex collected from wild rubber trees

in the surrounding jungle. However, a group of wily British botanists spirited some rubber tree seedlings away to Kew Gardens and then to Indonesia, where rubber plantations knocked the bottom out of the wild latex market. Iquitos boomed and busted, but the affluence of the boom still exists in the solid, attractive buildings, including an iron building designed by Alexandre Eiffel and shipped from France up the Amazon to become a monument to the *Belle Epoque*. Iquitos today is thriving but not rich, although it still gains some wealth from the natural resources of the Amazon jungle.

I left Iquitos in a small outboard-motor boat to travel down the Amazon with a guide to a jungle camp. Deep in the jungle, some enterprising American

for the thrashings that give away the presence of the beasts, and then to spot them with a flashlight that shows two gold eyes on a scaly body.) We heard the drums as we came out of a backwater, and, as we slowly paddled back toward the lodge, we heard boisterous voices, indicating a party in progress. The five or so people on the staff of the lodge had got out their instruments and, with six Dutch travel agents who were scouting the area, we had a party that will stay in my mind for a long time. The flute-like sound of the *iquena*, the maracas and the sound of native drums in the heat of a tropical night were unforgettable.

Toward the end of the night, one of the Dutchmen fell into the river from the front porch as he watched the full

moon rise over the river bank. To much hooting in several languages, he climbed out and took his turn beating on the drum, and soon the river water was mixed with his sweat and tears of laughter as he picked up the frantic beat.

By dawn, people had slipped away to rest, and by mid-morning the travel agents had quietly left in the motorboat to return to the world. The few of us left had misplaced the spirit to explore the jungle. Lying in the hammocks on the front porch, we sipped gin and tonic.

Two tips will save a traveller some grief: First, carry U.S. dollar travel-

ler's cheques. Second, for travel outside Lima, make all arrangements through a travel agent (easily done in Lima). Many North Americans resist working with tourist guides, but that attitude is out of place in Peru. Unless you know the country well, speak excellent Spanish and Quechua, and have local contacts, you should give all arrangements to a tour guide. Tours can accommodate one or several people, will provide all meals and accommodations, taxis and transportation for only slightly more than a native Peruvian would pay. Unless you actually enjoy solving problems when you vacation in foreign places, let someone else worry about your arrangements. ☒



An Indian plays a native instrument in the ruins of Kenco

has created a fantasy world. He has built a simple lodge on wood timbers, with rough plank floors, screened walls, corrugated iron roof, little privacy and much charm. It has the feeling of absolute isolation in the midst of a jungle that is so enormous, thick, impenetrable that it seems one of a few places untouchable by man. We saw dolphins swimming in the river near our dugout canoe, parrots in the trees, enormous water lily pads—the kind you see in the *National Geographic*.

One evening stands out as special. After dinner we had been out with the guide, looking for crocodiles. (The trick is to paddle slowly along the banks of the river, listening carefully



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# Folks



Peelers MacDonald, Pater, Villard, MacNeill and Sheppard

**G**o in there and peel like hell," was the simple directive which sent five Prince Edward Island women off to pare 22 minutes from the world potato-peeling record and earn themselves a spot in the *Guinness Book of World Records*. **Anne MacDonald, Debbie Pater, Jocelyn Sheppard, Beryl MacNeill and Clarice Villard** easily topped the existing record of 170 pounds in 45 minutes, set by an Australian quintet in 1977, by peeling that weight in just under 23 minutes. The Islanders eventually peeled 304 pounds in 45 minutes. "It took some frantic moving," says Villard, head peeler and co-ordinator of Access Ability, a Montague-based project to help the physically disabled. The five, ranging in age from 26 to 50, wore gloves and used common kitchen paring knives. None professed to have any special peeling skills. Because the event was dedicated to the International Year of the Disabled, a condition of the peel-a-thon was that each peeler have some sort of disability. The group raised \$250 through pledges for the P.E.I. Hearing Society, and the peeled potatoes were donated to local hospitals. Villard says the women took part in the stunt to publicize the cause of the disabled. "But we didn't want to do any of that stuff like jumping around for 300 days on a pogo stick," she says. "Besides," she adds, "This is *spud* Island, isn't it?"

**I**t's as obvious as gravity," **Dr. Glenn Isabelle** says of the need to test children's eyesight. For starters, Isabelle, a Bridgewater, N.S., optometrist, who has launched PEP (Prevent Eye Problems) to promote his viewpoint, wants the federal and provincial governments to organize a testing program

for pre-schoolers. An easy, five-minute test at age three, he argues, could detect problems that could be corrected before a child's eyes develop fully at age six or seven. The test uses a chart with symbols such as ducks and birthday cakes, so kids don't need to know how to read to take it. Isabelle screened pupils at 10 nursery schools in Lunenburg County, N.S., three years ago and discovered "a fair number of problems." Some optometrists estimate that 26% of all children need professional eye care, and the earlier the better. Isabelle says the symbols chart—"a basic minimum"—will detect amblyopia (sometimes called "lazy eye"), but more subtle problems require more comprehensive testing. Testing kids, he says, is "the common-sense thing to do"—especially considering that they pick up 80% of what they learn through their eyes.

**L**ouise Blanchard, new leader of the Parti Acadien, says it's not surprising that an Acadian should become the first woman to lead a major political party in New Brunswick. "Acadian women for many years had to run things because their men were off at sea for long periods of time." Blanchard, a tall, slender woman of 30, took over the party last year after Donatien Gaudet resigned. She was confirmed as party leader in June. A Caraquet village councillor and daughter of well-known union official Mathilda Blanchard, Louise says her major goal is getting Parti Acadien candidates elected in the next provincial election, expected in 1982. The nine-year-old party, dedicated to carving a new Acadian province out of New Brunswick, won considerable support in many of the 23 ridings it contested in

1978. Blanchard sees victories ahead and, with growing numbers of English-speaking voters gravitating to the NDP, she can see a four-party legislature instead of the traditional two. Blanchard received her fine arts degree from the Université de Moncton, then studied three years in Paris. She now helps manage La Grande Maison, a cultural centre, swims a half-mile daily in summer and skis cross-country in winter. She'll be in top shape when the election race begins. So too, she vows, will her party.

**H**arold Hann first walked the 904 kilometres across Newfoundland—from Port aux Basques to St. John's along the Trans-Canada Highway—to celebrate his 60th birthday. This summer, at 64, he did it again—a 1,120-km trek this time, from the island's northernmost lighthouse at Cape Bauld to the most easterly point at Cape Spear. Lifelong eye problems have left him nearly blind, heart trouble kept him inactive for 20 years, but the newly energetic Hann plans to hike the island once again next summer to pick up his first old-age pension cheque. White cane in one hand, suitcase in the other (thick glasses help him pick out landmarks along the way), Hann managed his most recent cross-island trip in 210 hours, spread over 24 days. He took up the walk to help publicize the Max Sims Memorial Lions Camp for the Handicapped in Grand Falls, a combined effort of



Hann's feet

Lions Clubs around the province. Most nights he found supper and a bed in the home of a service club member. Hann, one of seven children, grew up in Hare Bay, Bonavista Bay. Because of his eye trouble, he spent little time in school. "But I was blessed with a wonderful memory," he says. "That's how I got my education. I taught myself." He's kept a log of his travels and, in the same neat, printed hand, he's written over 1,000 poems. Many of them, like "If God Went on Strike," are tongue-in-cheek accounts of the dilemmas of modern life. A devoted soldier of the Salvation Army, Hann doesn't drink or smoke and reads from a large-print Bible. "I know a good few chapters



from memory," he says, but he hasn't learned it all by heart yet. "There's 810,967 words in there."

**A**ndy Thomson figured he was the only film-maker "who had a hope in hell" of cracking Farley Mowat's public image. But Thomson's colleagues at the National Film Board wondered if he could objectively tackle an hour-long documentary on the best-selling author, who happens to be Thomson's friend and cousin. Thomson admits he was a bit worried himself. Would the film turn into a "fan-club



DAVID NICHOLS

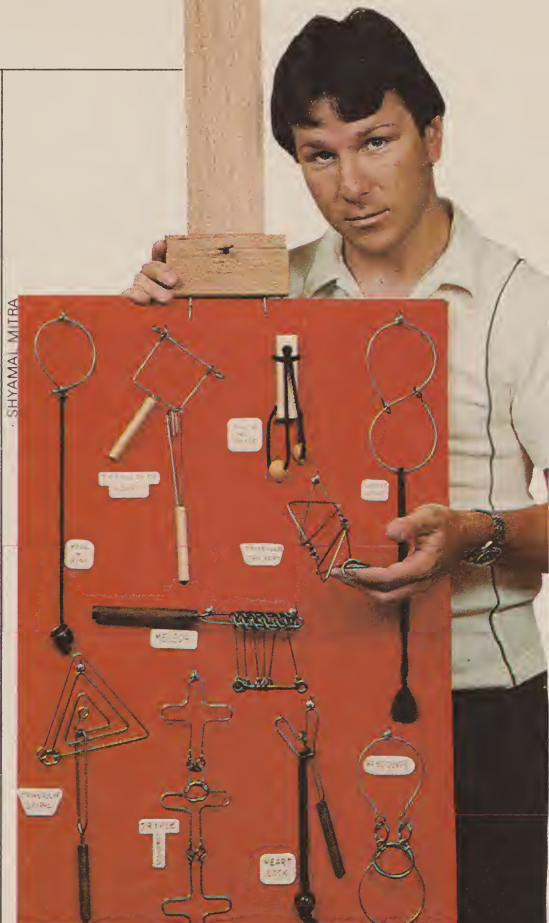
Thomson: Following Farley

letter" or would he overcompensate and produce an unfairly harsh portrait of Cousin Farley? Luckily, neither happened: His co-producer, he says, kept him on track. The result, *In Search of Farley Mowat*, will be aired on CBC-TV this fall. Thomson, 35, is a graduate of Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S., with several films under his belt, including *Blackwood*, for which he received an Oscar nomination in 1977. As a student, he acted in amateur productions and planned a stage career. Instead, he tried film on the advice of a friend at the NFB. When Thomson joined the NFB, he'd never taken a photograph. But soon he developed a flair for documentary film-making, and he says he's been fascinated by every one he's worked on. Thomson had always wanted to do the Mowat film and he knew the time was right. "I thought that the things that were going to influence Farley had happened," he says. The NFB had already produced several films on Canadian authors. "I felt we couldn't go further without making a film on Farley."

**M**arilyn MacLean, 14, and Jacinta Gallant, 18, have never met, but they have something special in common. The young Prince Edward Islanders are among five national winners in the Royal Canadian Legion's literary contest. Their essays on "Why I Wear

a Poppy" were chosen from more than 10,000 entries in five categories submitted from across Canada. For Marilyn, a Grade 9 student at Vernon River Consolidated, the win in the intermediate prose category means a cheque for \$200 ("I'm going to save it," she says) plus further recognition of her writing talents. She has entered the competition for the past five years and was provincial winner two years ago. Jacinta, who entered for the first time this year, says she wrote the essay only because one of her teachers at Charlottetown Rural High urged her to. She wins \$275 in the senior prose category, which she says will help pay tuition at the University of P.E.I. She'll study English and psychology there this fall. "I want to work with problem children," she says. "I'll do some writing on the side." She'll take part this fall in the Remembrance Day ceremony in Ottawa, where she'll have a chance to meet the prime minister. Is it just by chance that two-fifths of the national winners come from Canada's smallest province? "No," Jacinta says. "That's the Island for you."

**I**t's nice to feel needed, but when 161 artists and art groups applied for nearly \$770,000 in funding last year, the Newfoundland and Labrador Arts Council was a little overwhelmed. The infant council, in its first year, had only \$136,000 to give out. This year it has even less. That's just one of the reasons **Ken Pittman**, the council's first permanent executive director says, "If we're short on money, we better find new ways to use it." (Memorial University Art Gallery curator Edythe Goodridge saw the council through its ground-breaking year.) Loans, incentive grants and other unconventional forms of arts funding are some of the possibilities Pittman, 37, says the council will be exploring, but "it won't suffice for us to be only a granting agency." Raised in Corner Brook, educated at a Christian Brothers monastery in New York and what is now Concordia University in Montreal, and honed by 15 years in teaching and art education (the past eight at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design), Pittman's view of art is practical and imaginative. "If a public agency is looking at funding a top quality theatre group about to go under, it should ask the same questions it would about a fishing enterprise which came looking for government support: Why is it important to us? Why is it failing?" he says. Pittman's own work (he plans a major film drama based on the history of the Beothuks, an extinct native culture of Newfoundland) will have to wait, however. "This job is definitely full-time," he says.



Gregory: Puzzling it out

**T**he Meleda puzzle, the story goes, was invented by an ancient Chinese soldier to occupy his wife while he was off doing battle. It consists of loops intricately attached to a bar as long as a knitting needle, and worked well because when the soldier returned, he found that his wife hardly realized he'd been away. **Frank Gregory**, 27, of Sackville, N.B., got his Meleda as a teen-ager in Winnipeg and took 10 years to solve it. He decided to make one himself, then made others with names such as Imprisoned Heart and Triangular Spiral. Soon he was making 10 different puzzles, which he displayed at the town's 1980 Christmas craft show. At first, Gregory's contraptions, made of welding wire, wood, twine and beads, went over like lead balloons. "When most people think of metal puzzles, they think of miniature party favors," he says. But "old-timers remember the large puzzles. Apparently they were well known years ago." By the end of the show, he'd sold out. Gregory, a chemist at the RCMP crime laboratory, spends 20 painstaking hours a week making puzzles. "If one loop is out an eighth of an inch, a puzzle will not work." He guarantees a solution for each puzzle, but not everyone may be able to find the solution. "Some scientists once worked on a puzzle for four hours, then threw it down in disgust. A two-year-old baby picked it up and, within minutes, he had it."



## Whoops! There goes another...

*...national champion from New Brunswick. Like the ants with the rubber tree plant, the province's athletes don't realize they can't. So they do*

**T**he *Bad News Bears* was a movie about a team of lightly regarded little league baseball players who amazingly jell into champions. The story was fantasy, but in the first 18 months of the 1980s, real-life *Bad News Bears* stories happened almost every other week in New Brunswick. At least six New Brunswick teams won national championships while more than a dozen athletes won individual titles. The statistical odds against athletes from N.B., which has only 3% of Canada's population, winning national titles are a daunting 33 to 1. Other factors, such as a lack of money and local competition, make the real odds much longer, so N.B. athletes are usually given as much chance to succeed as ants trying to move a rubber tree plant. Everyone knows ants can't.

But the 35 members of the modern rhythmic gymnastics team obviously didn't realize this at their 1981 meet. Debbie Bryant of Moncton, a blue-chip practitioner of the dance-like sport, was best in senior women's, while Lise Gautreau, 13, of Moncton won the junior class. With Moncton second among senior teams, Edmundston second among the juniors and unheralded Shippeagan fourth, New Brunswick took the over-all Canadian title, formerly exclusively Ontario's.

Gary Brown of Fredericton, coach of the national soccer champion UNB Red Shirts, says the newfound success of provincial athletes flows partly from a "change in mental attitude." In the past, too many athletes lacked confidence that they could win national titles and so were beaten before they started. His UNB Red Shirts "got no respect" from anyone before they won the collegiate soccer crown last year, Brown says, even though they were regional contenders for four years. He says New Brunswick soccer was considered "second class" in the rest of the country and even within the region. Brown says that Halifax's Dalhousie University team once scraped past UNB by one goal to win the Atlantic

title, then moaned that it could never win a national title because "it had no competition in the Atlantic region."

Lack of competition can be a problem. John Shepherd, the Scottish-born coach of Saint John Dry Dock, a senior men's soccer team, sensed for a few years that his team was becoming good, but every time it tried regional playoffs "something was lacking." Last year Shepherd entered the squad in the Atlantic league and, honed by competition, the Dry Dock won its national title. Their national opponents, Victoria, B.C., and Ottawa, were "very surprised," Shepherd says, to be trounced by a province they only vaguely knew existed.

N.B. athletes are accustomed to being underrated, so the University of Moncton Blue Eagles were shocked to find themselves billed as the favorites going into the 1980 hockey nationals. The Jean Perron-coached Eagles promptly fell on their beaks. This year, dismissed as contenders, the Eagles soared to the title and ruffled feathers in Ontario, which regards Maritime universities who recruit in Ontario high schools as predators. Ontario thundered it would pull out of hockey unless the recruiting ceased. But 11 of 22 Moncton players were home grown and only one was from Ontario.

In 1980, the N.B. men's karate team won a national championship for kumite (sparring). "When you consider that New Brunswick has 56 black belts and a province like Quebec has 560, the national championship is quite an accomplishment," says karate president Bob Houssen of Moncton. Two members of the 1980 team, Louis Comeau and Arthur Bourgeois, were also named to the 10-man national team, while Victor Cormier and Brian Thorne were

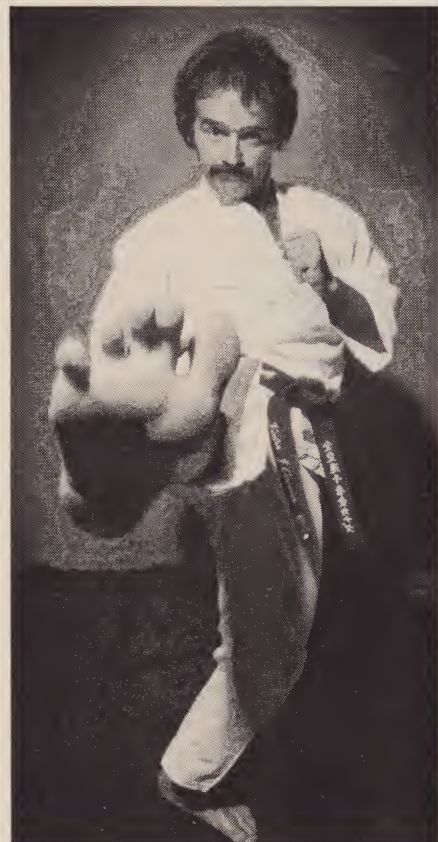
SHYAMAL MITRA



Dave Harding: Goalie for both Dry Dock and Red Shirts

similarly honored this year. "According to our population, we should only have one man chosen every second year," says Houssen.

But most New Brunswick teams still encounter difficulties similar to



Victor Cormier: Karate captain



THE TIME IS RIGHT





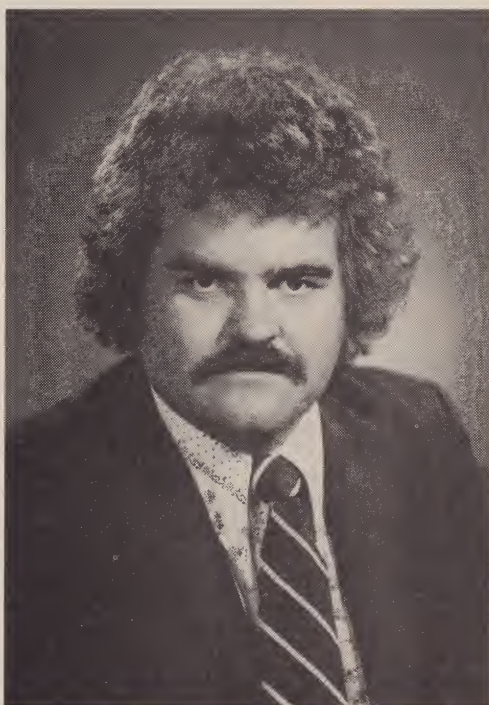
## Sports

those faced by the senior women's basketball team. Joyce Slipp of Fredericton, player-coach of the 1980 title winners, says, "We try to get together every Sunday for a practice. And we try to arrange games with university teams when they're in town [Fredericton]." Players in other provinces, on the other hand, play full schedules in fast senior leagues. Another problem, says Slipp, who was coach or player for the UNB Red Bloomers for nine years, is finding sponsors for the team. While players from other provinces at the 1981 tournament were outfitted as elegantly as fashion models, the defending champs showed up like ragamuffins in hand-me-downs. But if the borrowed uniforms were shabby, the results weren't: New Brunswick came third.

Individual New Brunswick athletes are also doing very well. The Barry brothers of Saint John have been world-ranked wrestlers for several years. This year Sean, 28, not only won the 57-kg class, but also was named outstanding wrestler at the national meet. Mike, 27, won the 57-kg class last year. John Mascherino of Sackville, a Mount Allison student, gave New Brunswick the 1980 junior heavy-



Joyce Slipp: Winning without money or competition



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weight title. In 1980, teen-age sensation Kevin Burchill took the junior (to age 19) middleweight and Pan-American judo titles. This year Fredericton's Fred Blaney was second among heavyweights.

In boxing, eight of nine junior (15-16) entrants from New Brunswick won medals this year; seven of nine intermediate (17-19); and two of four in senior. Two intermediate boxers, flyweight Tom Young of Saint John and lightweight Danny Winter of Dorchester, won gold while Danny Goguen of Moncton was intermediate heavy-weight champ in 1980.

But Hungarian-born boxing president Nick Kovats of Bathurst still worries. "This year the juniors arrived in B.C. the day before the meet. Had they had a day to adjust to the time difference, they might have done better [than two silvers and six bronzes]." As it was, the trip cost \$9,000 so the association couldn't afford an extra day. Poor air connections are another problem. Broomball president Jean-Claude Robichaud of Neguac remembers a trip to Saskatchewan one year that killed the chances of a highly rated Saint-Quentin women's team. "They had to wait five hours in Winnipeg and arrived exhausted."

The pantheon of N.B. champions includes archer Chris Smith of Harvey Station, the 1980 junior (to age 19) champion; badminton player Mike Butler of Saint John, 1981 intermediate doubles (to age 19) and Pan-American singles, doubles and mixed doubles champion; handball player Kevin Murphy of Saint John, 1981 junior (to age 19) winner; and national champion swimmers Daniella Balla of UNB Fredericton and Patti Boyles of Saint John, plus a bumper crop of young track stars including 1980 gold medal winners Mark Durley of Saint John, Dennis Vringer of Moncton (to age 14) and Kelly McKinnon of Oromocto (to age 16).

And if Canada had a comeback-of-the-year award for amateur athletes, it would have to go to 21-year-old Susan Hellingwerf of Saint John, once a promising young indoor speedskater. While racing around a track in Lethbridge, Alta., six years ago, she collided with an inattentive judge who had stepped onto the ice to sweep it and suffered back injuries she later aggravated. Last year, she decided to try a comeback and won the senior women's 400 metres. This year she emerged as senior women's champion, winning the 400, 800 and 1,500 and placing second in the 1,000. As well, Mike Holmes of Saint John set a record in the 800, won the 1,000 and placed third in the 1,500 junior competition. He should have won the 400

too, but he fell. He holds the record at this distance.

Can such success continue? Roly McLenahan, director of the sports branch of the N.B. Department of Youth, Recreation and Cultural Affairs for the past 20 years, is cautious. "It runs in cycles," he says. Dave Robertson of Woodstock, president of Sport New Brunswick, adds that the future might even be better if the N.B. government increased its financial support. Currently, the province spends \$600,000 annually on amateur sports. If it spent in proportion to other provinces, Robertson says, New Brunswick should be spending \$1 million.

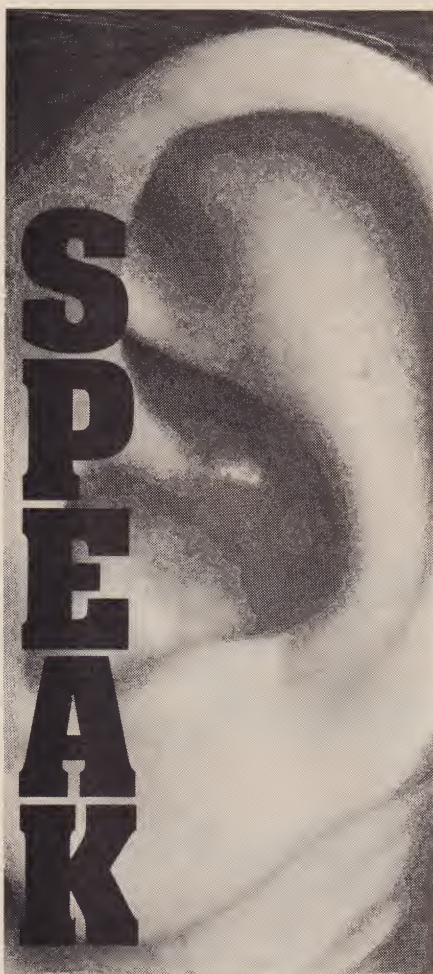
Even without that support, New Brunswickers are still turning heads. When Steven Langille, 16, of Fredericton, who'd been driving cars for only eight months, and navigator Allan Taylor, 16, of Fredericton entered the Canadian Young Drivers Rally in May, they were the youngest, least experienced team in that severe test of driving skills. The N.B. pair had high hopes, high apple-pie-in-the-sky hopes. The other entrants concentrated on not moving pylons. Langille and Taylor, like other New Brunswickers in national meets, concentrated on moving a rubber tree plant. And, whoops...

— Jon Everett

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## Labor

# Raising hell for a reason

*For Larry Hanley, the reason has always been to make life better for the workers. Now he has a new job and a higher profile. He plans to use it*

**L**arry Hanley is a hell-raiser. And proud of it. Two years ago, when he was president of the Saint John District Labor Council, Hanley persuaded his fellow unionists to throw up a picket line around the port to prevent longshoremen from loading a shipment of heavy water destined for a Canadian-made nuclear reactor in repressive Argentina. "We asked for the release of 17 [political] prisoners," he recalls with satisfaction, "and—I can't believe the result—we had eight of them released."

Hanley comes by that raising-hell-for-a-reason approach honestly. Not only do Saint John workers have a tradition of militance dating back to 1840, when bricklayers touched off a riot by going on strike, but Hanley's own father was the business agent for the union that won the 40-hour week for workers at Saint John's Atlantic Sugar Refinery during a strike in the 1950s.

Hanley admits, however, that he will need all the militance he can muster if he is going to shake up what he sees as the generally conservative, co-operative-to-a-fault New Brunswick Federation of Labor. Says Hanley, 33, who was elected the new president of the federation by only eight votes at the May, 1981, convention: "I wasn't all that convinced that the federation in the past few years was doing as much as it could...going hat in hand [to government] and receiving nothing."

Hat in hand is not Larry Hanley's style. He doesn't normally wear a hat. His look is jeans, leather vests, shirts partly unbuttoned, and neck chains—a sharp contrast with Paul LePage, the steelworkers' official from Bathurst, who dressed like a businessman and ruled the federation, in his own words, "like a dictator" for 13 consecutive one-year terms before he stepped down in 1980. LePage hobnobbed with government and business leaders; Hanley insists a president's place is on the picket line, not on "the banquet circle."

Despite his contemporary appearance, Hanley is a throwback to the pioneer labor leaders. The only "bottom line" Hanley will recognize is the "working-man's point of view." He made two tries at the presidency, both

against LePage's handpicked successor, Phil Booker, 61, a Fredericton-based representative of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, N.B.'s largest union. Booker beat Hanley, whose full-time job is as a representative of the Canadian Paperworkers' Union, the province's second-largest union, by 20 votes out of 360 in 1980. Booker pledged "mature" leadership guided by the "wisdom" of his executive. This year Hanley won by promising to do what he'd been doing for 4½ years as president of the Saint John District Labor Council: Raise hell.

During his term there, the council went to bat for drydock workers who staged a nine-day wildcat strike to protest their exposure to zinc. At a hearing, Hanley recalls, "the company lawyer asked a shop steward, 'Are you a doctor?' 'No.' 'A nurse?' 'No.' 'A medic?' 'No.' 'How then do you know the guy was sick?' 'Well, he was throwing up.' " The problem was remedied.

But the campaign dearest to Hanley's heart was the one against the province's workmen's compensation system. "My father lost his leg in 1971. If my brother and I hadn't been grown up, he would have lost his home." The council made its priorities occupational health and safety and improved benefits for the disabled. "We demonstrated in front of the compensation board [headquarters] in Saint John over a period of four years and a committee was finally established." The five-man committee, which was headed by Roland Boudreau (now vice-chairman of the board) and included Hanley, made sweeping recommendations that are now being implemented. "If the intent is lived up to, we can't help but get a better shake."

Despite his new title, Hanley remains full-time president of the Canadian Paperworkers' Union Local 601 at the MacMillan Rothesay Ltd. pulp mill in Saint John where he went to work right after high school graduation. Hanley earned his bargaining-table epaulets the hard way. In 1972, his union struck for 28 days; in 1974-75, for 4½ winter months without a strike fund; in 1979, for 7½ months. The union won its demand for parity with workers at owner MacMillan Bloedel's British Columbia mills when



Hanley led strikers to B.C. to picket the mills there. This year, Bloedel sold its Saint John mill to Noranda which in turn dealt it to the Irving interests. Hanley is philosophical about bargaining with N.B.'s industrial colossus. "They [the Irvings] are buggers to deal with sometimes, but if you establish a certain amount of respect, it could be worse."

A father of two, Hanley feels unionists should never turn their backs on social issues in favor of narrow self-interests. (His own social conscience was honed by a year in Alabama.



JAMES WILSON

**Hanley: He doesn't go hat in hand**

That's where his father took the family when he lost his job after the sugar refinery strike. Hanley saw blatant discrimination against blacks and the burning of buses belonging to civil rights "freedom riders.") He believes unionists should support the NDP, although the party has never elected anyone in New Brunswick. Hanley ran in the '78 New Brunswick election and took his Saint John riding's share from 2% to 20%. He'll run again, sensing that a breakthrough is near or, at least, as inevitable in the 20th century as the formation of unions was in the 19th.

— Jon Everett

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## The b'ys that build the boats are worried

*Newfoundland's boatbuilding boom has gone bust*

**T**he Pelley brothers, Cyril and Gerald, launched their first two boats in many years on the dawn tide of a February morning so crackling cold the champagne froze to the hulls. Even at that hour, the wharf in Springdale, Nfld., was jammed with people, hands plunged deep into pockets, stamping their feet to keep warm. "Only a new baby or a boat launching would bring this many people out this early in the morning," said a proud Gerald Pelley. They were big boats for inshore fishing, 65 feet long and probably 75 tons of wood in each, but they slid almost delicately off their cradles. Just as the second one hit the water, a huge sun showed itself above the land across the bay.

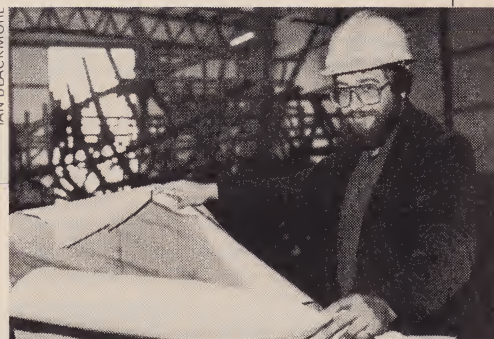
In the boom-and-bust world of boatbuilding, it was an optimistic moment. But that was 20 months ago, before the current slump that's hitting builders who supply Newfoundland's inshore fishery. The Pelley brothers are still turning out three or four boats a year, although they've had second thoughts about expanding. But their shipyard is one of the few—perhaps 10 out of 27 in the province—that are kept fairly busy these days. Last December, Clarenville Dockyards and Shipyards Co., one of the oldest and largest yards in the province, laid off 35 men and shut down the boatbuilding side of its business for the first time in 10 years. The company hadn't had a single order for a new boat in almost a year. Manager Ralph Mercer has kept 20 men working on repair jobs, but he says he's through with boatbuilding for the time being. "I'm not going to wear myself out looking for boats just to say I've got something to do," he says. "The turmoil shipbuilding is in right now, I'm just not interested." This summer, one-quarter of the province's boatyards had no work at all and few prospects in sight. Others are building boats on speculation. Even yards with orders for boats are thinking twice about investing in new equipment or buildings because there's not enough work to go around.

The general glow about the fishery

that hit Canada in the late 1970s reached near euphoria in Newfoundland and swelled the ranks of the province's boatbuilders. With an eye to modernizing the fishing fleet, the provincial government announced it would tender directly for specially designed 55-foot and 65-foot boats and sell them to fishermen, 20 boats a year for the next five years beginning in 1977. "A lot of yards started up in anticipation of the program," says Bob Davis, manager and part-owner of Burry's Marine Division in Glovertown, an old family yard that reactivated that year. Twelve of the 27 boatyards were established or re-established between 1977 and 1979. "There were a lot of boats being built, but we knew it couldn't last," Davis says. It didn't. The government canned its ill-planned program. At the same time, however, the province's Fisheries Loan Board—which administers bounties (grants) and low-interest loans for boat construction—drove itself to near bankruptcy with a giddy streak of generosity. After a few painful years of review and restructuring, the loan board appears to be back on a solid footing. (Fishermen who borrow more than \$50,000 now go directly to a chartered bank; the loan board guarantees the loan and writes down the interest rate to 8%.) But the boatyards are reeling. "Some people were booked up two and three years ahead," Davis says. "There's none of that now."

Port Union boatbuilder Joseph Carpenter blames federal government regulations for squashing the demand for new boats. "I've been building boats for 40 years," Carpenter says. "It's been a boom-and-bust thing right down through, but this is the worst time I've seen for regulations." Recent changes to the federal vessel assistance program are one problem. Since June, fishermen with boats longer than 35 feet cannot get a federal subsidy to help buy a new boat that is longer or has a larger fish hold than their old vessel. The subsidy, formerly 35% of construction costs, has dropped to 25%. With prices ranging from \$100,000 for a fully equipped, 35-foot longliner to about \$500,000 for a 65-foot dragger, most fishermen need the

IAN BLACKMORE



**Davis: "...we knew it couldn't last"**

assistance. The government is trying to conserve fish stocks by holding down the fishing capacity of the fleet, but boatbuilders feel the new guidelines will hurt them. People building boats on speculation (such as Richard Gibbons of St. Vincent's, St. Mary's Bay, who has done nothing but speculative building since he started his yard in 1978) figure they will have a harder time selling their boats.

Builders of fiberglass fishing boats, who have just started to make inroads in Newfoundland's traditionally wooden boat fishery, are especially worried. In April, Don Hart's company, Neldo Marine Development of Argentia, launched the first fiberglass longliner produced totally in Newfoundland, and since then has been putting out one a month, but he can't build a 35-foot boat or a 38-foot boat with his 40-foot mould. "We're a new industry in an area where there have been no jobs, and we were looking at an expansion program," Hart says, "but we're going to think hard before retooling now. It depends how stringently the new rules are applied."

Restriction of new fishing licences (also a conservation measure) has been a problem for boatbuilders for a while: A fisherman isn't going to invest in a larger, more expensive boat if he can't catch the fish to support it. And inshore dragger licences now being issued for the Gulf of St. Lawrence coast as far north as the Strait of Belle Isle will not generate the new boat construction it might have. Of the 30 to 40 fishermen who will get the licences, only about a dozen will be allowed to replace their old boats with the larger vessels (50 feet and longer) preferred for dragging.

For those 10 or 12 contracts, the competition will be stiff. Before the summer was out, the more aggressive builders around the province were on the Northern Peninsula trying to get the work. A couple of those boats could keep a yard like Pelley's busy through the next cold winter.

— Amy Zierler



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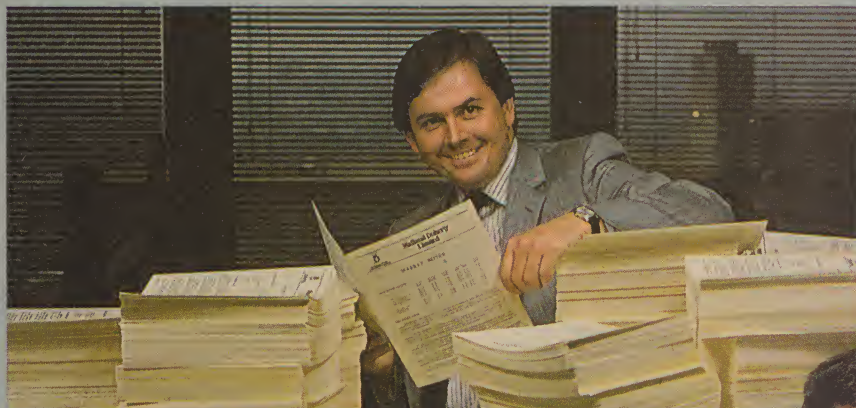
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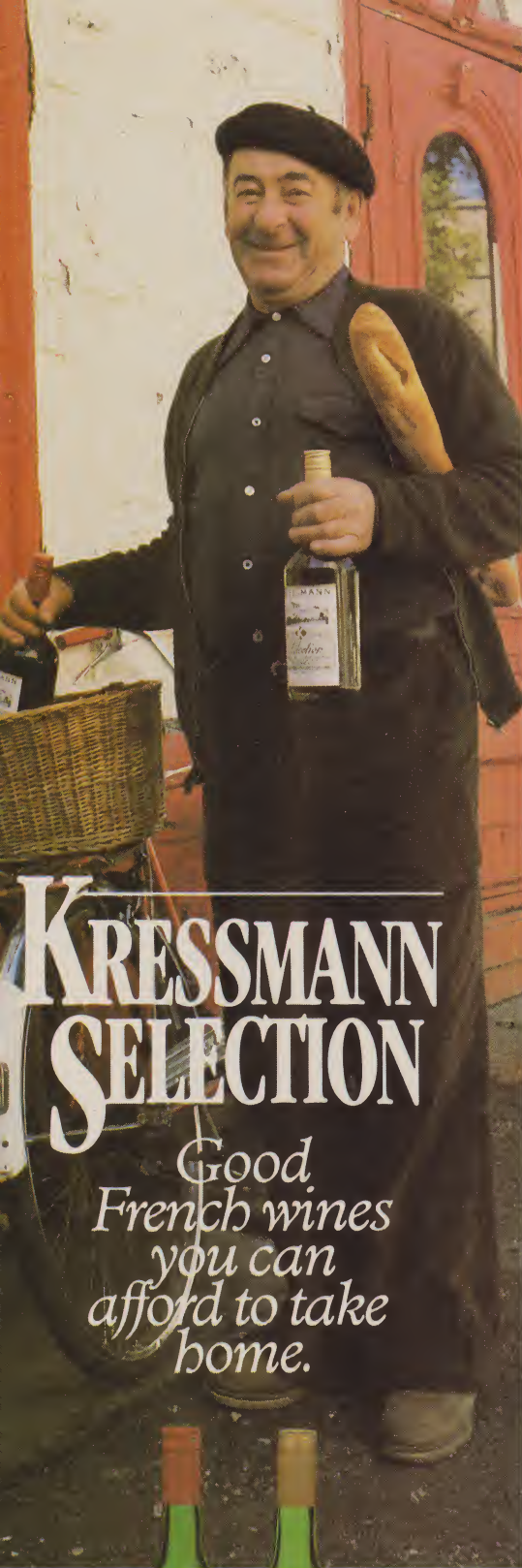


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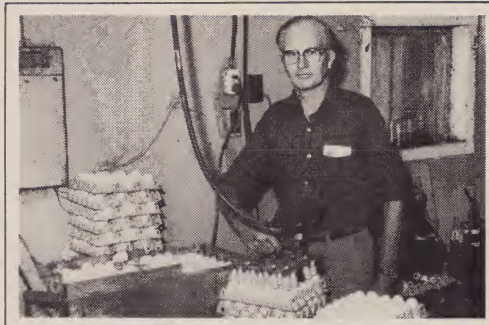


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## Energy



Leo McIsaac: Can his farm survive?



Should government take over Maritime Electric?

## P.E.I.: A little province with a big, big power bill

*Islanders already pay the highest electric power rates in Canada. This fall, those rates will almost surely rise again. No wonder they're asking, "How far can it go?"*

By Rob Dykstra

Every time he opens another electricity bill, Leo McIsaac gets a shock: The bill keeps getting higher. Six or seven years ago, he thought \$150 a month was a terrible price to pay; this June the bill was \$700. McIsaac and his sons, Ian and Allen, run a dairy farm in Mermaid, P.E.I., and they depend on electric power to operate milking machines, silo unloaders, coolers and fans needed for 60 cows and 15,000 laying hens. But the costs of that power have been rising so crazily in recent years, the McIsaacs can't even keep a proper set of books. "When you're trying to budget ahead, it's impossible to forecast the power costs," McIsaac says.

Electricity rates on the Island have tripled since the mid-Seventies, and they're almost sure to go up again this fall. Maritime Electric Co. Ltd., the Island's privately owned power company, is asking the Public Utilities Commission (PUC) to approve a 21.4% rate increase. With rates on the Island already the highest in Canada, the power company isn't the best-loved firm in P.E.I. Nor is the PUC the most-trusted agency. Last May, the commis-

sion granted Maritime Electric an immediate 7.5% rate increase after two days of closed door hearings, leading to accusations in the newspapers that the PUC, the government-appointed watchdog, is in bed with the power company.

Maritime Electric subsequently rolled back the 7.5% increase, but it's expected to get at least 16% this fall and another hefty increase next year. For many householders—especially those on fixed incomes—that's an unpleasant prospect.

Jessie Campbell of Rollo Bay, who lives alone on the old-age pension, says she's been trying hard to cut back on electricity use, but her bills keep going up. She pays about \$20 a month for electric power, compared with \$16 a year ago. "Every dollar counts when you're on a fixed income," she says. "I don't use much electricity, really, only the lights. I turn the television on only between six and seven, to get the news."

The average Island family, using 500 kilowatt hours of electricity a month, now spends about \$50 a month for power. Last January, the bill would have been about \$38. In 1974, it was





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## Energy

\$17. Islanders pay 10 cents a kilowatt hour, while rates in other provinces range between three and six cents. For a 500-kilowatt-hour power user in British Columbia, the hydro bill would be \$22 a month; in Ontario, \$17; in Newfoundland, \$24.

The Island's electricity problem has become so acute, the provincial Tory government, which campaigned in the 1979 election against using nuclear power, has started talking about taking "a second look" at the nuclear option.

The Island produces its electricity by oil-fired generators. That was fine in 1970 when imported oil cost \$2.50 a barrel; today it costs about \$35. Even though the feds subsidize imported oil—about \$30 million last year for P.E.I. alone—electricity rates jump and twitch every time an Arab oil sheik decides he needs another price hike. A cost-of-fuel clause in the province's operating regulations for Maritime Electric allows the company to raise rates as the price of oil goes up. Only Nova Scotia has costs of generating electricity anywhere near those in P.E.I. Nova Scotia rates are lower, however, because of a provincial subsidy.

A submarine cable runs between Borden, P.E.I., and New Brunswick's oil-and-coal-fired generating plant in Dalhousie, and Maritime Electric buys as much of this cheaper power as possible—up to 100% for several months last summer. But because Maritime Electric doesn't have a firm contract with N.B. Power, the Island gets only what is known as "economy power," power that N.B.'s contract customers don't need. In the summer there's usually plenty left over. But in the winter, when power demands are high, P.E.I. doesn't get any. It's forced to rely entirely on its own small, inefficient generators.

Last May, Maritime Electric announced it will spend \$9.7 million to buy a 5%, or 10-megawatt, interest in the Dalhousie plant. That would bolster the Island's 114-megawatt system, reducing the danger of brown-outs in peak winter periods, the company stated, and would mean fewer rate increases in the long run. The company plans another 10-megawatt, \$10.2-million purchase next year, presumably with another rate increase.

The high rates affect almost every facet of the Island economy. For Leo McIsaac, electricity costs form a major part of operating expenses. Marketing boards tie the price of milk and eggs to the cost of production, but, McIsaac says, "you can never catch up." And he fears that food processors won't be able to absorb the increased cost of

farm produce. Most compete in tight off-Island markets, and giving the edge to the competition through significant price increases could put them out of business.

One federal energy official worries that increasing electricity costs will turn the Island into "an industrial wasteland." The average industrial electricity rate in P.E.I. is 10% to 40% higher than in the other Atlantic provinces and more than twice as high as in Ontario and Quebec. Island food processors spend 10% of their sales income on power bills, compared with 4% in most other areas.

"This province has a very definite problem," says John Simmonds, president of Charlottetown's Perfection Foods Ltd., one of the Island's largest processors of dairy products. "I don't know how business is going to survive." About 80% of the company's market is off the Island. A few years ago it paid an industrial electricity rate of 1.7 cents per kilowatt hour. Today, the rate is almost seven cents.

Campbell and Burns Ltd., a large vegetable processing plant in Bedeque, near Summerside, saw its power bill soar by 20% last year alone. With more increases on the way, it could leap by 50% over a two-year period. The company's power bill is now \$10,000 a month. "I think something has to be done to help industry," says company president George Wright. "We have nothing to offset those increases with."

The P.E.I. branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association (CMA) warns that power costs will drive out existing industries, and new ones will never move in. "Nobody in the world would think of coming here," says Regis Duffy, local CMA chairman. The association wants an immediate freeze on electricity rates while a royal commission investigates the operations of Maritime Electric. The CMA also suggests that the province consider subsidizing industry's power costs. If industry pulls out, the CMA argues, the province and the municipalities will lose a valued tax base, and taxpayers will have to fill the vacuum anyway. Barry Clark, minister of Tourism, Industry and Energy, says the government isn't keen on subsidizing industrial power costs. "Subsidies create a false economy and only prolong the problem," he says.

Some Islanders want the province to take over Maritime Electric. Mayor Harold MacLeod of Montague, for instance, argues that money now going to shareholders—some of them outside the province—should be channelled back into the company to reduce rates.



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## Energy

But a provincial government study in the mid-Seventies recommended against a government takeover. Barry Clark says the government couldn't afford the \$20- to \$24-million price tag, and a government-run utility would still be expensive to operate. "The taxpayers would merely be taking over from the ratepayers," he says.

Wendall Brown, public relations manager for Maritime Electric, says he can sympathize with Islanders who are angry over the continual climb in electricity rates. But he doesn't understand why that anger should be directed at Maritime Electric. "We have to provide investors with a decent rate of return," he says. "You can put your money in the bank and do better these days."

In accordance with the PUC ruling in 1975, Maritime Electric shareholders get a maximum of 15% on investments. In 1980, earnings available to shareholders amounted to \$2.34 million, a 10% increase over the year before. In its rate-increase application, Maritime Electric has asked the PUC to increase limits on its earnings, so that shareholders can receive up to 17% on their investments. This, the company says, would maintain investor confidence and attract funds for new or expanded facilities.

To no one's surprise, the P.E.I. government hasn't objected to Maritime Electric's latest bid for a rate increase. It was the government that told Maritime Electric to buy an interest in the Dalhousie plant. Energy Minister Clark hopes the purchase will give the Island time to secure other energy sources. "In eight or 10 years, we hope tidal, hydro or something can be developed," he says. The province also is trying to persuade the feds to extend the proposed Maritime gas pipeline to the Island, so that at least one of the Island's three generators could be converted to gas. But it could be tough to persuade federal energy officials that one non-renewable energy source should replace another to generate electricity. Besides, Ottawa already has poured millions of dollars into the Point Lepreau, N.B., nuclear power station, on the understanding it would supply power to the three Maritime provinces.

The Island's Tory government upset that plan when it cancelled a contract with New Brunswick to buy electricity from Point Lepreau. The previous Liberal government had signed an agreement that would have supplied 40% of the Island's electricity needs. Liberal Leader Gilbert Clements says that asking Ottawa for help now is



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## Energy

"like getting a grant to buy a small car, then buying a big car and going back for money to buy gas."

Clark says investing in Lepreau would be like buying a pig in a poke. "The costs are three times as high as originally projected," he says. "Not even the people of New Brunswick know what electricity is going to cost at Point Lepreau." But he doesn't rule out buying power in future from Lepreau. "When the technology to minimize risks is proven acceptable, and the economics become known, we will take a second look."

Perhaps the Island has blown its chance for nuclear power, anyway. New Brunswick already has customers, and it may no longer be interested in selling to P.E.I. "Relations between P.E.I. and New Brunswick are touchy—and that's an understatement," one provincial official says.

What other alternatives are there? Both the federal and provincial governments are funding experiments in generating electricity from wind and wood burners—methods that may one day supply part of the Island's power needs. Attacking the problem from another angle, the Island government is preaching energy conservation. That campaign has had some success: In 1980 electricity use increased only .4% over 1979, compared with a 7% increase the previous year.

Some Islanders, including Regis Duffy of the CMA, believe industries already are using as little electricity as possible. What the Island needs, he says, is an abundant, secure supply of power that's not out of line with other areas in price. Why, for example, can't you bring cheap Labrador power to Charlottetown, if you can bring it to New York? Technically, Maritime Electric officials say, that could be done. Politically, it's difficult: Quebec refuses to give Newfoundland transmission lines right-of-way.

Even the Maritime premiers can't agree among themselves on energy. Last year, the short-lived Maritime Energy Corporation, which was to do long-range energy planning in the Atlantic region, fell apart because the premiers squabbled over which sources of energy they should concentrate on.

The petty quarrels of politicians aren't much help to the people of P.E.I., who see their electricity bills climbing almost monthly. Farmer Leo McIsaac says he can survive—as long as higher farming costs can be passed on to the consumer. But, he asks, "how far can it go?" At this point, that's a question no one can answer. ☒

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Oct.—Fredericton Express plays—  
Oct. 8, 25, N.B. Hawks; Oct. 10,  
Rochester; Oct. 13, N.S. Voyageurs;  
Oct. 17, Binghamton; Oct. 22, 26,  
Hershey, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

Oct.—Theatre New Brunswick pre-  
sents "Talley's Folly," Oct. 17-24, Fred-  
erickton; Oct. 26, Edmundston; Oct. 27,  
Campbellton; Oct. 28, Bathurst; Oct.  
29, Chatham; Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 2,  
Moncton

Oct. 1-12—The Human Gods of

China: Artifacts and photographs  
depicting the folk religions of Taiwan,  
National Exhibition Centre, Fre-  
derickton

Oct. 1-31—The Henry Calkin Col-  
lection: History of communication  
equipment, Moncton Museum

Oct. 1-31—Work by Jim Butler,  
N.B. Museum, Saint John

Oct. 1-Nov. 1—William Kurelek  
"A Prairie Boy's Summer," Moncton  
Museum

Oct. 1-Nov. 20—Shouts of Joy:  
Wall hangings by Christine Scott of  
Saint John, N.B. Museum, Saint John

Oct. 2-11—Oyster Festival,  
Maisonnette

Oct. 8-10—Antiques Showsale,  
Fredericton

Oct. 9-11—Friendship Festival,  
Riviere-du-Portage

Oct. 17-Nov. 22—History of Medi-  
cine, National Exhibition Centre,  
Fredericton

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Oct. 1-4—Couleurs d'Acadie: Art

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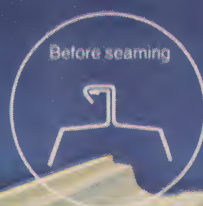
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Exhibit, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Oct. 1-4—Jack Butler: Recent work, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 1-25—Elitekey: An exhibit of Micmac material culture, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 8-Nov. 1—Canadian Society of Painters, Etchers and Engravers, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 9—An Evening with Gilbert and Sullivan, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 10—P.E.I. Symphony, Confederation Centre

Oct. 11, 12—Maritime Championship Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge

Oct. 13-18—New Uses for Television, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

Oct. 15—Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Confederation Centre

Oct. 25—Sunday concert: The Brunswick Quartet, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

## NOVA SCOTIA

Oct.—Nova Scotia Voyageurs play—Oct. 1, Rochester; Oct. 11, Fredericton; Oct. 16, Hershey; Oct. 18, Binghamton; Oct. 30, Springfield, Metro Centre, Halifax

Oct. 1-9—Glooscap Country Bazaar, Economy

Oct. 1-12—Annapolis Valley Fall Harvest Festival

Oct. 1-18—Jacob Jordaens: A Baroque Master, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax

Oct. 2, 3—Oktoberfest, Mahone Bay

Oct. 3—Fall Market Festival, Cole Harbour

Oct. 9, 10—Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Oct. 9-Nov. 1—Neptune Theatre presents the world premiere of "Step/Dance" by Tom Gallant, Halifax

Oct. 10, 11—Provincial Swimming Novice Meet, Church Point

Oct. 10-17—Atlantic Winter Fair, Windsor

Oct. 11—Ben Buffet Memorial: Track and field meet, New Waterford



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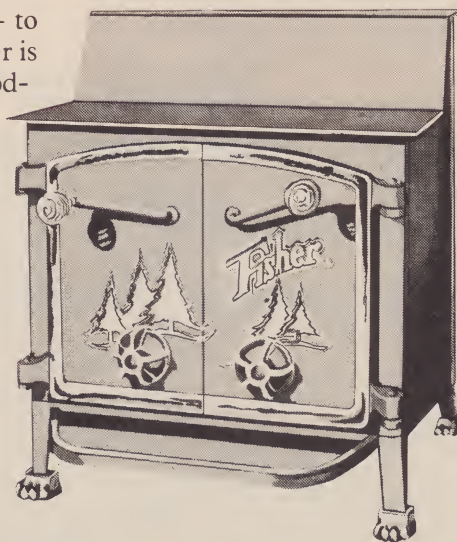
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## Calendar

- Oct. 12—Harvest Festival Sale, New Ross
- Oct. 13—Olympia Brass Band, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax
- Oct. 15-17—Antique Show and Sale, Halifax
- Oct. 19, 20—Opening night of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra featuring pianist William Tritt, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax
- Oct. 22-Nov. 22—Musical Manuscripts: Sixty illustrated musical manuscripts by 20th century composers, Dalhousie Art Gallery, Halifax
- Oct. 22-Nov. 22—Aspects of 19th and 20th Century European Art on loan from a gentleman: A selection, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax
- Oct. 24—Annual Christmas Craft Market, Barrington Passage
- Oct. 31-Nov. 1—Championship Dog Shows and Licensed Obedience Trials, Bible Hill

## NEWFOUNDLAND

- Oct. 1-3—Trinity Conception Fair, S.W. Moores Memorial Stadium, Harbour Grace
- Oct. 1-17—"Life Through the Ages," Mary March Museum, Grand Falls
- Oct. 1-Nov. 15—Forts by Terrance Johnson, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's
- Oct. 4—Menaka Thakkar: Classical Indian dancer, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
- Oct. 5—Jean Redpath: Scottish Folk Singer, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
- Oct. 10, 11—Newfoundland Open: Fencing, St. John's
- Oct. 12—Sharón, Lois and Bram, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
- Oct. 16—Acker Bilk and the Paramount Jazz Band, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
- Oct. 17-25—Reveen: The Impossible, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
- Oct. 26—José Feliciano: Acclaimed guitarist, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's
- Oct. 28—Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra's opening concert featuring the Canadian Brass, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's



## Tried Tested Trusted







## This fisherman is a woman

*Susan Murphy started fishing to qualify for unemployment insurance. Now she wants a boat, gear and a lobster licence. "Either you can fish or you can't fish," she says. She can*

**S**usan Murphy, 29, lean and sinewy, lights up another Export, draws deeply, then glances at her right arm resting on the kitchen table. "The date has no significance at all," she says of the tattoo etched into her forearm. "No significance other than the date it was done." Jan. 2, 1970, a bunch of the guys went to get tattooed, and the girls went with them. "We were all in good spirits."

The mug of instant coffee in front of her looks cold. Her look is defiant. As if to say, "Okay then, on to the next question. Ask me about fishing. Ask me about anything."

Murphy has been fishing out of Northport, P.E.I., for five years off and on. She fishes when the catches are good and the men need help. No big deal, she says. She's there when there's work. A few weeks back, a local newspaper story on Susan Murphy, Northport's lady fisherman, set some of the men on edge.

They teased her: "What do you know about fishing anyway? You can't even haul up a lobster trap. You don't even have your own boat." One guy phoned her up and asked what the legal size of a lobster was. She couldn't say right away. But who was he to ask, anyway? She's been going out on fishing boats since she was two years old.

George Kinch, her grandfather, introduced her to fishing and taught her to love the sea. Kinch, who fell off the wharf and drowned 17 years ago, used to fish for lobster, mackerel, eels. Her grandparents adopted her and raised her with 16 of their own. She's the only one who followed the fishing tradition. The others moved away, to Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia.

Murphy started fishing one year when she needed four more weeks work to qualify for unemployment insurance. She had eight weeks of



ROB DYKSTRA

stamps for digging clams at Lennox Island. "One of the guys in the boats said, 'Why don't you come out and jig cod with me, make a little money and get your four weeks?'" So she did.

Northport is a string of houses and trailers along part of Highway 152, which runs from Alberton to Bury Head. There's not much for the 350 people to do here except fish. That and a little farming. The stores are all in Alberton. If you want a steady wage you have to go there, or to Tignish, or to O'Leary, or maybe even Summerside, which is a long drive.

Northport has a busy harbor, with as many as 70 boats fishing out of the village. But the fishing is seasonal, not really enough. Last winter Murphy counted the number of people with jobs from the Catholic church to the point—about two km, most of the village. "There were three people working and my husband was one. You figure about 350 people here, I bet 200 of them are drawing unemployment."

Murphy isn't the only woman in Northport who goes out on the boats. There are a few others, mostly wives of fishermen. Changes in regulations last year now allow fishermen's wives to collect unemployment insurance during the off season. And a man might as well pay the wages to his wife, instead of somebody else. Basil Matthews, 62, has fished out of Northport all his life, the past four years with the help of his wife, Wanda. "She does the work of any man," he says.

The pay is not bad. Wages can vary, of course, depending on the arrangement made with the boat owner and the size of the catch. Susan Murphy says \$200 to \$300 a week is not uncommon, and a couple of years ago she made \$200 in one day fishing for

herring.

She likes jigging for cod best. She uses two hooks on her line. Some like more, some less. "Everyone has their own liking as far as the hooks go." She learned by watching the others. You let the hook drop to the bottom and pull up on it the length of your arm.

Jigging for cod, you don't have to stay out all night. Going after herring you leave at six or seven in the evening and don't come back until 11 the next day. "Who wants to be away 15 or 16 hours? I like it, but not that much."

And besides, she says, "that doesn't sit too well with the wives." A few of the older fishermen think women on boats bring bad luck, but she fits right in with most of the men. But the wives wonder about their husbands with a woman on board. "Most women around here think the place for a woman is in the home, not in a boat. I figure what I want to do is what I want to do, eh? If my husband doesn't complain about it, then who can complain?"

Her husband, Ronald, was brought up on a farm. He never even knew what a fish smelled like before he came to Northport, she chortles. He's a heavy-equipment operator in Alma, but he's been nipped by the fishing bug too. Last year, he fished with a buddy all during his holidays.

Susan Murphy's dream for the future is to get her own boat, gear and lobster licence. The federal government is buying back licences to reduce the number of fishermen, so licences soon will be almost impossible to get. She'd eventually transfer hers to one of her sons, Andrew, 4, or Peter, 10, who's already keen on fishing. She figures it would cost about \$30,000 to get started as a lobster fisherman, but it's a good investment. She makes you believe she'll probably manage to do it, too.

We're ambling down to the wharf on this bright summer morning, she with her packet of smokes and lighter tucked into the back pocket of her jeans. In the harbor, the sun's reflection dances off the waters. Most of the boats are out. In the few that remain tied to the wharf, men are painting, mending, fiddling with engines. Compared with Susan Murphy, they are big blocks of men.

"It's not a matter of strength," she says. "It's a matter of what I want to do, knowing what to do—and doing it fast." She looks out to the blue, open sea. It doesn't matter who you are, she insists. It all comes down to one thing: "Either you can fish or you can't fish."

As simple as that. — Rob Dykstra

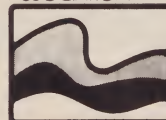


# By definition *not quite* everyone is a member of the community.

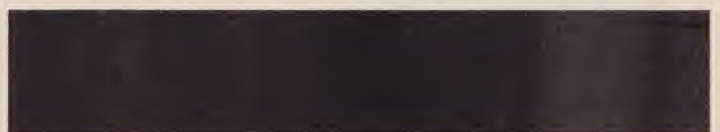
Not quite, because some of us have special needs resulting from personal handicaps. For us to gain full participation and enjoyment of community life, we need understanding of the needs particularly as they apply to recreation and leisure-time activities. This can mean ramp access to community centres and it can also mean active inclusion of people who suffer from mental illness, visual impairment, retarded mental growth or a physical disability. Help make everyone a member of the community.

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## Indians get a chance to teach Indians

**D**elbert Moulton was stuck in a dead-end job. With a young family to support, he doubted he could ever attend university to get the education degree he wanted. But four years ago he enrolled in a new Indian Students Program that seemed tailor made to his needs: He could not only continue his job as a teacher aide at New Brunswick's Tobique Reserve, 96 km north of Woodstock, but also attend university in Fredericton. Today Moulton, 29, has a B.Ed., a rewarding new job and calls university his "chance of a lifetime."

Moulton is one of the first 19 New Brunswick Micmac and Maliseet Indians to graduate from a special program at the University of New

Many Indians were employed as teacher aides (non-teaching helpers who work under the direction of qualified teachers) and counsellors. Some, Paul says, "were better qualified than the non-Indian teachers." Surprisingly, many aides resisted the idea of going to university at first. "The aides were scared they'd lose their jobs," Paul says.

What makes the UNB program special, in fact, is that the students can keep their jobs while attending university. "We compromised so they could keep family ties," says Dr. Ron Owston, the program co-ordinator. Students, most of them married women with children, spend three weeks on campus, then five back home, where they resume

and tutors to monitor classes and help students.

But Delbert Moulton says the non-Indian instructors are still first rate. "They understand what you're going through." "It's much more rewarding than teaching a regular class," Owston says. The students, whose median age is 25, took their studies seriously and participated in class. "They're not trying to psych out the professors," he says. "If they don't like something they say so."

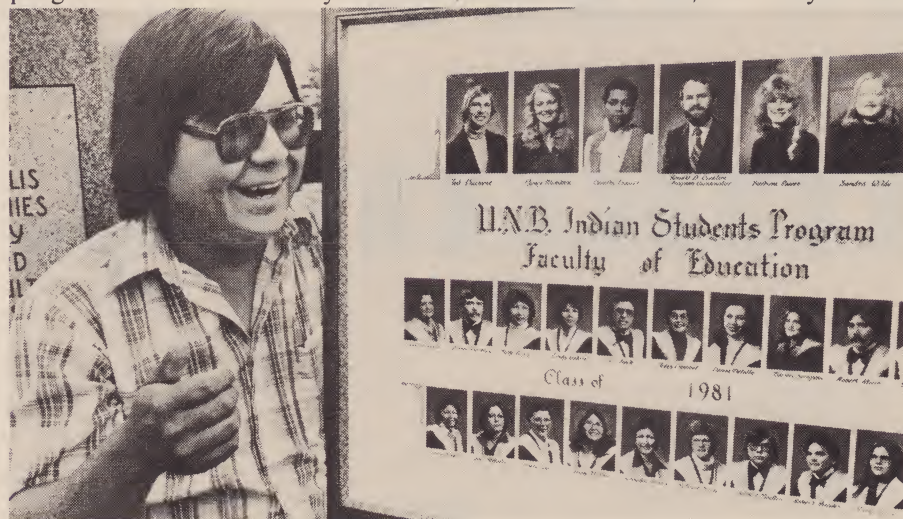
Second-year students at Eskasoni appear equally pleased with their course. They'll complete their junior and senior years on campus in Fredericton. Why did they choose UNB over the Nova Scotia Teachers College which began a similar three-year, on-campus diploma program last year? "We wanted a degree course," says Eskasoni band leader Albert Julian, who says the Indians also got fed up with "humbly waiting" for the NSTC course's long-promised startup. "We decided to hell with it," and approached UNB, Julian explains. That decision, he admits, has created "a lot of flack" because the Union of Nova Scotia Indians (UNSI) was directly involved in setting up the Truro program. Twenty-four Nova Scotia students are registered in the second year of the Micmac Teacher Education Program there. UNSI's president, Noel Doucette, denies any conflict, and says simply, "It gives Micmacs a choice."

In 1984, UNB expects to end its Indian Students Program, which is being 90% funded by Indian Affairs, because "we don't want to flood the market," Ron Owston says. All graduates should find positions, many now filled by non-Indians. "By the end of this decade," Owston says, "there'll be no opportunities for non-Indians in federal schools." Of the region's 28 reserves, 12 now support federal schools and others would like to.

After years of money-wasting programs the special program is a start, says Stewart Paul, a recent law school graduate. But he won't be satisfied until Indians get other specially designed programs in fields such as business to prepare them for responsible positions there too.

Gail Metallic says that after eight "frustrating" years as a teacher aide she's ready for a new career as a teacher. "Everything has fallen into place," she says happily. Delbert Moulton's even more enthusiastic about his university degree. "It was the best thing that ever happened to me," he says.

— Roma Senn



Delbert Moulton: A "chance of a lifetime"

Brunswick designed to ease the shortage of qualified native teachers on Maritime reserves. Sixty more Indian students started the four-year program last year. Half the students are enrolled in a special extension facility at the Eskasoni Reserve near Sydney, N.S. Officials expect that by the end of the decade, the UNB program and a second similar one at the Nova Scotia Teacher's College will provide native teachers for all jobs at federal reserve schools.

When Stewart Paul, then a provincial education consultant, first proposed the program in the mid-Seventies, however, not one Indian was certified to teach in New Brunswick.

their jobs and continue their studies. "At first it was a big strain," recalls Gail Metallic of Restigouche, Que., who attended off-campus classes once a week and pored over assignments every evening.

Owston insists, however, that the program isn't a watered-down version of the regular B.Ed. program. The students, whose education levels range from junior high to some university, take the same basic courses as ordinary students plus others concentrating on Indian studies. Metallic, who landed a job in Campbellton, would have liked more emphasis on reserve-related subjects, but Owston says that's difficult because of a lack of Indian professors



# C · H · E · V · Y   C · A · V · A · L · I · E · R

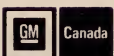


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## Literature

# Whodunit? Eric Wilson

*What Eric Wilson has done is get kids who didn't want to read reading his books. And waiting anxiously for the next one*

Imagine each of us is a detective," Eric Wilson tells his audience of wiggling Grade 3 students carelessly arranged on the floor of the library at a Fairview, N.S., elementary school. "Have any of you seen one of these?" he asks brightly, pulling out a crisp \$100 bill to show them. On one side of the bill is a scene of Lunenburg, N.S., which also just happens to be the setting for Wilson's latest mystery novel. Is it a clue? By the time Wilson begins reading an excerpt from the book, the children are hooked and the room is as quiet as any adult library. Finally, he asks for a "detective" to help him solve the mystery. Hands wave. One pupil finally pieces the clues together for an impressed audience of her peers but, though the students want Wilson to continue reading, he won't. Read the book yourselves, he tells them. And, surprisingly, they don't seem to mind.

In fact, most kids appear genuinely eager to read Wilson's fast-paced, easy-to-read books about Tom Austen, a young sleuth from Winnipeg who is the star of his mystery series for "reluctant" readers from 10 to 14. Getting them interested in reading is Wilson's goal. And he's succeeding at it. Many of the Halifax elementary school pupils Wilson met on his recent book-promotion tour had already read his four earlier books and were anxiously awaiting the fifth in the series, *The Ghost of Lunenburg Manor*, being published by Clarke, Irwin this fall. In the first Tom Austen book to be set on the east coast, Tom and his sister Liz uncover an octopus-like murder plot at a lovely, old—and haunted—mansion while vacationing on Nova Scotia's South Shore.

His books are popular with kids, Wilson believes, because they combine the adventure of the Hardy Boys with the detective work of an Agatha Christie novel. The result is a series

many librarians say they have trouble keeping on the shelves. At 40, Wilson finds his sudden popularity a welcome change following years of being rejected by publishers.

After striking out in the adult book market because "I didn't have anything especially interesting to say," Wilson became an elementary schoolteacher in 1967. But faced with the problem of coaxing his class of slow learners to read, he immediately took up writing again. He tried short, punchy books

privateers and the fishing industry. Although he intended to write about buried treasure on Oak Island, a trip there convinced him it was too sparse a setting for his mystery. When he saw Lunenburg and its ornate hill-perched academy circled by a cemetery, however, "I knew it was perfect." The town's old gingerbread homes and colorful past made "everything ripe for a mystery." Of course, he still managed to slip in a bit about Oak Island "as well as all the things I found interesting."

His readers also seem interested in the things he finds interesting. Three hundred Halifax students suggested titles for his Lunenburg tale: "His Dog Knew Something but He Couldn't Talk," "Creepy Crawley Things," and the prize-winning "The Phantom of Lunenburg Manor" by Jason Smith, now a Grade 8 student at Cornwallis Junior High School.

A self-styled "Canadian nationalist," Wilson argues that kids should get to read about Canada. When he was a youngster, he remembers reading one Hardy Boys book that described Vancouver as a sleepy little village. By then, however, Wilson, who'd lived all over the country from Rothesay, N.B., to Kitimat, B.C., because of his father's job as an RCMP officer, already knew better. He also knew he wanted to write about the country. At 15, he covered minor league baseball for the local paper. Then, after graduating from the University of British Columbia in 1964, he took off for Europe, landing in London on the night before Winston Churchill's funeral. He spent the night on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral and the next

day wrote his version of the funeral which he sold to Canadian Press. He worked as a reporter there for two years but quit because he still wanted to write novels.

Today, he's doing exactly that, but he finds the work lonely. So he alternates a year of writing with teaching. "It puts me in a social situation," he says. Besides, he adds, "kids have so much enthusiasm and energy. Seeing kids who are not readers read makes it all worthwhile." — Roma Senn



Eric Wilson with Nova Scotia fans

like *Fat Boy Speeding*, in which a Kamloops, B.C., runaway heads for a commune and drug-soaked Vancouver before discovering he misses home. Although it wasn't published, it earned enough favorable student reaction to encourage him through five more years and five unpublished manuscripts.

Today, Wilson works as hard at his kids' books as at his once-planned Great Canadian Novel. He spent three months in Lunenburg collecting local folklore and fascinating tidbits on





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## Harry Bruce's column

# Hey, hey, what about me?

*Am I the only one left who's not on strike? I'll fix that*

I could scarcely walk a block without meeting guys with signs on their chests, and I felt guilty and alone. The postal clerks, the cops, the CBC technicians, they were all on strike, and the pickets seemed always to be happy, joking, smiling in the sun, enjoying a brotherhood I could not share. I was doomed to be an outsider. For I had never in my entire life been on strike for a single day. What was wrong with me anyway? Why had I never downed typewriter? Why had I never walked the streets with a placard that declared, "Unfair to hacks," or urged, "Support your local freelance writer"? How could I be so selfish, churlish and, yes, so *un-Canadian*?

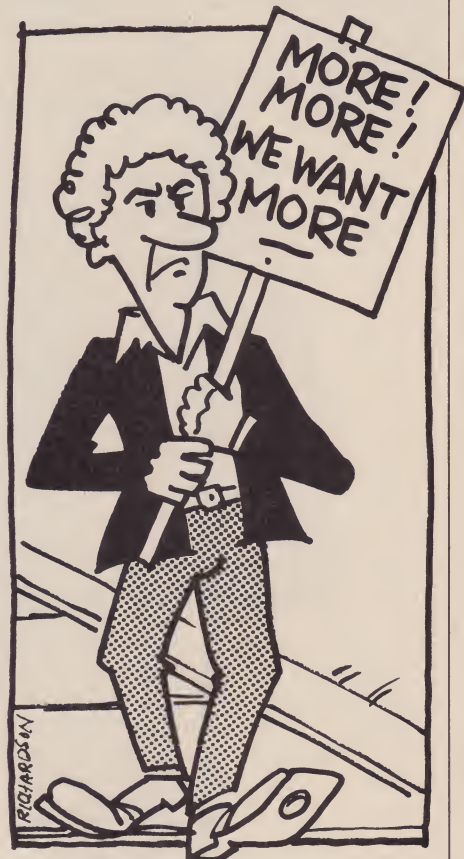
From coast to coast, my fellow Canadians were on strike. In Newfoundland, workers at bottling plants had downed whatever tools Newfoundland bottle-plant workers use. (Funnel?) In British Columbia, paperworkers *rejected* a package that promised your average paperworker annual pay of \$31,132 (a sum, incidentally, that would make your average freelance writer weep for joy), and nobly called a strike that *The Globe and Mail* said "could cripple the B.C. economy." Lucky guys. I've never had a crack at crippling an economy. Except my own, of course.

B.C. really rubbed in my failure. Longshoremen, teachers, supermarket clerks, and workers in hotels, hospitals, B.C. Hydro and city halls were either striking, had just finished striking, or were considering striking. The weather's nice out there in summer. It's good in Prince Edward Island, too, where electrical workers were on strike; in New Brunswick, where millworkers rejected raises of 28% over two years; and sometimes even in Montreal, where 6,000 garment workers had launched an illegal strike. "And the summer is just beginning," *The Globe and Mail* complained. "By the fall, air traffic controllers could have closed down the airlines, and a bumper wheat crop could be locked behind strikes." There were rumors, too, that the steelworkers



were mumbling about a strike. They probably felt left out.

I feel so left out myself that I can no longer stand it. At long last I, too, am going on strike. So's my wife. We work for East Coast Editorial Ltd., and the president is a ruthless, small-time



capitalist of the old school. He's a cheesy, petty-bourgeois exploiter who grinds his workers' faces in the mud, while spouting shopworn, reactionary pap about the salaries the company pays being dependent on the income the company earns. "If I pay you a

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nickel more than I'm paying you now, Bruce," he huffs in his bloated way, "then this company will go under. Where will you be then, my boy?"

I'm not buying that crap. This two-bit honcho forces me to slave on weekends to meet inhuman deadlines. The workplace he provides is Dickensian. It's a mouldy, basement cell. The din of furnace and laundry equipment is intolerable. I spend my working life with disgusting black-backed bugs, hairy spiders, the stench of drooling stone, and it's all his fault. As if this weren't bad enough, he promises utterly nothing in the way of job security. Moreover, he's so cheese-paring we enjoy no company insurance plan, company medical plan or company pension plan, no system of overtime pay, no premiums for holiday shift work, no sick leave or maternity leave, no cafeteria, no recreation club, nor indeed any of the other subsidized goodies that millions of Canadian workers now regard not just as benefits but as rights written in stone. Nor does our niggardly master offer us a wage or pension formula to protect us against the inflation that the Big Grab by all those jolly, brotherly unions has helped push to the highest rate since we were younger than our children.

It's going to be lonely out there on the picket lines, just me and my wife. You see, we are East Coast Editorial's only workers. No one else has ever worked for the company. We are also the owners. I'm president. Yes, I myself am the reactionary cretin who locks me, the writer, in the dungeon of our house; who keeps giving me, the writer, the unacceptable but inescapable news that if you don't make it you can't spend it. These days, you have to be self-employed to understand that but, of course, no one gives a pinch of beaver dung about the understanding of the self-employed. They pay their taxes like everyone else, but theirs is the wheel that never squeaks.

We won't gain much by walking around our house with signs saying, "More, more, we want more," but at least we'll be in the mainstream of Canadian thought. We, too, will have the appearance of belonging, belonging to a greed-machine. We even have a suitably forlorn song to protest our slow, sure backward slide on the slope of Canadian well-being. It's an old one by Scott McKenzie, and it starts like this: *Hey, hey, what about me. I've got some feelin's on my mind, too.* Of course, Jean Chr tien, the minister of state for Social Development, also has some feelings on his mind. On hearing inflation had just hit 12.8% he had the grace to say in the Commons, "We're sorry." Not as sorry as us, Jean, not as sorry as us. ☒

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## Killing the pain of dying

*The Victoria General Hospital in Halifax offers dying patients a chance to go in peace*

In the spring of 1976, when Tyler Jamieson learned he would die soon because his cancer was not responding to treatment, he was angry. He yelled at the nurses, refused to see his wife, Heather, or his daughter, Jill, and swore at Mary Cann when she came to visit. But Cann stayed. She knew Jamieson had reason to be upset. Cann, now a co-ordinator of the hospice program at the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax, was helping patients such as Jamieson find as much comfort as possible in their final days.

For two months she became part of the Jamieson family; at first, she sat among the florists' bouquets in Jamieson's room and talked only to him. After a few days, Heather Jamieson joined them. Together, they talked about the painful chemotherapy that Jamieson decided to stop taking, about the pain that would go away with the new liquid painkiller, about death and how terrifying it would be to die alone. Eventually Jamieson realized he would not have to die alone.

Tyler Jamieson (not his real name) is typical of patients who have received care in the program of special care for the dying. It's called a hospice or palliative care service and its purpose is not to cure but to comfort—to alleviate the pain of dying patients, help them come to terms with their impending death, offer support to their families.

Volunteers at the Victoria General have run a small, informal palliative care program in four wards since 1974. This month, the hospital opens a greatly expanded hospice service, co-ordinated by nurses Mary Cann and Rita Smyth, with an intensive training program for 24 carefully selected volunteers. After their eight-week training period, new volunteers begin working with more experienced partners in an ongoing training-working program.

The volunteer's role is to have time for patients and their families. "I guess

we're the people they lean on," says volunteer Nora Vincent. Volunteers also try to keep in touch with families they have attended for at least a year after a patient has died.

Pain-relief is important in a palliative care program. "It's the chronic, long-term, seemingly endless pain that can kill a person before they're ready to die," Cann says. The hospice uses a liquid composite of drugs which prevents pain and relieves the fear of its coming. There are few side effects. "Pain certainly has a lot of different



Rita Smyth, Mary Cann: They've seen "wonderful things" happen

faces," Smyth says. One patient may feel the pain of being unacceptable because of physical deformities from disease or treatment. Another may feel increased pain looking back on an unsatisfying life. One woman, after much talking, realized that her balding head was insignificant compared with the opportunity to share the rest of her life and her death with the children she loved. Sometimes a hospice program can only control symptoms, but it offers all patients the right to live and die with dignity. "I know there's great potential," Cann says. "I've seen won-

derful things happen, really ugly situations turn into almost spiritual experiences."

The Victoria General's palliative care program is the second in the Atlantic region. In 1979, St. Clair's Mercy Hospital in St. John's opened a palliative care unit (*Atlantic Insight*, November 1979). It now has nine beds. Each patient has a private room, and the whole unit is cheerfully decorated with wallpaper and carpeting.

The Victoria General's hospice committee—representing nursing, medicine, the chaplaincy, administration and the Victorian Order of Nurses—had also hoped to set up a separate palliative care unit at the Halifax hospital. When this idea fell through because of the costs of a separate unit, the committee decided to set up a palliative care service throughout the hospital.

Volunteer Nora Vincent has been with the program since it began. One of the patients she remembers well was a middle-aged man who was badly injured in an accident. His wife, a tall, dark, determined woman, sat doggedly at her husband's side. Nora had trouble convincing her to eat or sleep. The woman never lost her sense of humor, her composure or her conviction that her husband would not die. When asked if she wanted to talk she said no—and then talked for 2½ hours straight. The man eventually recovered, and the couple still keep in touch. "She bullied him into living," Vincent says with admiration.

Cann has been a member of the hospice committee since 1974, when nurse-researcher Norma Wylie first introduced the hospital staff to the idea that dying is normal but "can get terribly interfered with."

The morning Tyler Jamieson died, his daughter sat stricken by his bedside, fingering the sheets. Cann entered the room, watched for a moment, then went over. "It's OK to touch him, you know," she said. The girl threw herself at her father, holding him and sobbing. "This is part of life too," says Cann. "It enhances people's lives instead of crippling them. I learn something every time, about people's emotions, people's politics, family life and certainly myself."

— Gwen Davies





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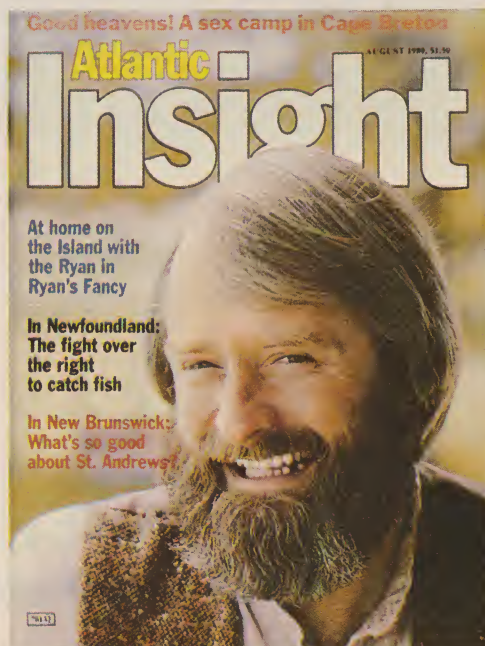
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*This fall, the Labrador Inuit's unique art form goes international in a first-time tour*

**L**ater this month, as the first snows fall on the north Labrador coast, the tall straight grass that grows along sandy beaches will be just right for picking. Its pale green color will have faded to the yellow of ripe wheat and its long fibres will have strengthened as the grass begins to dry. Inuit women (and some men) from places like Nain and Rigolet collect the grass

*The art of Labrador sewn grass*

## Tough and timeless

each fall, dry it indoors, and sew it into beautiful baskets, mats, trays and toys which look delicate but are, in fact, tough and strong and durable.

The art of sewn grass work is durable, too. "It seems to be a craft which came to Labrador from Siberia," Judy McGrath says. "We don't know when, but it definitely goes beyond recorded history." With Doris Saunders (they work together in Happy Valley on *Them Days*, an oral history magazine of Labrador), McGrath organized an exhibition of Labrador grass work, partly to revive old tech-





Sewer Deborah Atsatata of Nain

The toys look delicate, but they're durable

on the coast declined, so did the major market for grass work. When McGrath and Saunders started collecting pieces and interviewing grass workers a few years ago, most people were sewing only small, unadorned round mats which would sell for \$10 or less as souvenirs.

"We were interviewing people for *Them Days* and, if they told us how they used to sew grass or how their mothers did it, we asked them to try a piece which we would buy," McGrath says. "Some of them had learned to sew grass as children but hadn't sewn anything for years." When the exhibition opened at the Memorial University Art Gallery in Happy Valley, hundreds of people came through who had never been to a gallery before. "It's been one of the most satisfying things we've ever done," McGrath says. Grass workers who saw their work held up as art smiled and said, "Did we really do all that?" Two years later, interest in grass sewing continues to grow, and the

as good as what it is out by the seacoast, not in strength." The salt makes the glossy grass both water-resistant and insulating. Deborah Atsatata, a grass sewer in Nain, told McGrath in *Them Days* how she used to put loose grass in her sealskin boots to keep her feet warm when she was going to school, and George Rich of Rigolet remembers how his mother made bedding of flour bags stuffed with fine grass for trappers and hunters in the winter. Alaskan Inuit weave beach grass socks to wear inside boots.

The Inuit grass-sewing technique is painstaking but fairly simple. Each piece is made of a single continuous coil of grass which takes its shape according to how it is sewn together as the work proceeds. Grass workers usually begin, once the grass is properly dried and soaked again for working, by splitting each blade along its spine. With one piece threaded through a needle, they wind it tightly around a small bundle of grass, stitching it to

itself on every wrap of the coil. Openwork, stitched only where it bends, is more difficult to do and gives a more delicate structure.

Depending on the size of the bundle which forms the inside of the coil, the work can be fine or coarse, and Labrador grass work runs the gamut. Children often learned how to sew grass by making their own toys—teacups, cradles, tiny furniture.

Grass workers across the Arctic have used everything from whale sinew and seaweed to black vinyl and commercial dyes to add color designs to their work. In Labrador berry dyes, wool, embroidery thread, raffia and "early grass," picked while it's still green, are the most popular ways to adorn grass work. IGA workers used to bring the colored raffia, but with the proviso that the Inuit use it only in baskets

niques, especially the openwork, twisted coils and colorful designs which the Labrador Inuit had developed into a unique style. The Moravian missionaries, who first came to Labrador in the 1700s, undoubtedly influenced the native grass work by introducing European designs, McGrath says, but no one knows how far their influence went. In this century, the International Grenfell Association (IGA) helped turn grass work into a source of income for the Inuit. They traded the basketry, usually for used clothing which the IGA collected in England and the United States. But as the IGA presence

show is finally travelling outside Newfoundland and Labrador—first to the Hector National Exhibition Centre in Pictou, N.S. (Oct. 12-Nov. 30), then to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., and to museums in Ontario.

Grass work gets its strength both from the construction method and from the grass itself. "The grass that grows out on the seacoast is the strongest," says Susie Pottle of Rigolet, a community at the mouth of Lake Melville, where salt water mixes with the rivers flowing from the west. "I don't find the grass as far in as Rigolet

they would trade back to the IGA. Others who wanted to buy baskets—such as fishermen from Newfoundland who stay on the Labrador coast for the summer—got theirs decorated with berry juice. "We'd boil the berries first and strain off the juice," Susie Pottle remembers. "My mother dyed her grass that way. We'd put the grass in the cold berry juice and leave it for three or four days, until it took the dye. She'd get pink from red berries and blue from black berries."

— Amy Zierler

*Quotations from grass workers courtesy of Them Days.*



## Food

# Tender, tasty vegetables

*The secret to cooking them well is to do it with kindness. The reward, in nutritional value and succulence, will delight you*

*By Pat Lotz*

**S**ome people are cruel to vegetables. In England, where I grew up, we boiled the poor things until the last bit of flavor and vitamins was destroyed. Not anymore. With the price of meat escalating and lifestyles changing, even the English appreciate what good nutrition properly cooked vegetables can provide.

What could be easier than chopping up carrots and zucchini, adding flowers of broccoli and cauliflower and stir frying them all in garlic-flavored oil? Or how about a hodge-podge? As its name suggests, this is a mixture of veggies (whatever combination the

season and your garden or market has to offer), and the secret is to add them to the boiling salted water in order of cooking time. For example, you might start with carrots and new potatoes, add beans then cauliflower and finally, fresh green peas. Served with cream, heated and flavored with fresh chopped chives, or melted butter, it's a meal in itself. Here are three more suggestions for being kind to vegetables.

### Stuffed Cabbage Leaves

*Even people who hate cabbage usually like this dish, which is also known as cabbage rolls. Instead of the filling featured here, you could use nuts and/or raisins folded into rice, chopped ham and mushroom or ground beef, or you could create your own filling from leftovers.*

8 large cabbage leaves  
2 cups cooked rice  
2 tbsp. butter  
2 cups chopped mushrooms  
1 cup grated mozzarella cheese  
1 tsp. dried basil  
salt and pepper

Cut out the core at the bottom of a medium-sized cabbage and remove 8 leaves, discarding any that are tough and discolored. Blanch in boiling water for 2 minutes and spread out on paper towel to dry.

Sauté mushrooms in butter quickly over high heat.





Lower heat and stir in rice and basil. Salt and pepper to taste. Remove pan from heat and stir in mozzarella. Divide filling into 8 portions. Place filling on leaf, fold over bottom, then the sides and roll up. Place stuffed leaves close together, seamed side down, in a buttered casserole, pour over tomato sauce (recipe follows), cover and bake in preheated 350° F. oven for 35 minutes.

#### Tomato Sauce

5 large ripe tomatoes  
2 tbsp. olive oil  
¼ cup chopped onion  
¼ cup chopped green pepper  
¼ cup chopped celery  
2 finely chopped garlic cloves

Pour boiling water over tomatoes and let stand 2 minutes. Peel and chop coarsely, put in blender or food processor and process until smooth. Sauté onion, pepper, celery and garlic in oil until soft, add tomato purée, bring to a boil, then simmer for 20 minutes.

#### Mint Carrots

*This is my favorite way of serving carrots, which is just as well since*

*mint is the only thing that thrives in my shady vegetable garden.*

2 cups sliced carrots  
2 tbsp. butter  
2 tbsp. brown sugar  
1 heaped tsp. cornstarch  
2 tbsp. lemon juice  
2 tbsp. shredded fresh mint

Put carrots in boiling salted water to cover and cook until they are tender but not mushy. Drain, reserving 1/3 cup liquid. Melt butter, stir in sugar, cornstarch, add reserved liquid and lemon juice and stir over medium heat until thickened. Add carrots and mint and mix together gently. Serves 4.

#### Baked Tomatoes

*These make a delicious accompaniment to red meat, especially lamb.*

6 medium-sized tomatoes  
¼ cup olive oil  
1 tsp. salt  
¼ tsp. pepper  
1 large or 2 small garlic cloves, finely chopped  
3 tbsp. finely chopped parsley  
½ cup fresh bread crumbs

Cut tomatoes in half and add, cut side down, to hot oil in large pan. Cook 5 minutes, turn and cook 5 minutes on other side. Transfer tomatoes to a buttered shallow baking dish, reserving cooking oil. Sprinkle tomatoes with salt, pepper, garlic and parsley. Cover with bread crumbs and then sprinkle with reserved oil. Bake in preheated 400° F. oven for 30 minutes or until tops are well browned. Serves 4.



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS



# Small Towns



PHOTOS BY JACK CUSANO

Hartland: Now the "Holy City" can take advantage of its beautiful setting

## Hartland, N.B., finds its future in the flames

*Thanks to a fire that wiped out a large chunk of its downtown, Hartland now has a chance, says its mayor, to start all over again. But some things in Hartland will never change. Like its Toryism, its beauty and its old-time religion. Amen*

By Alden Nowlan

Until the night of the fire, Hartland, N.B., was a town where nothing much ever changed. Its population of about 1,000, which made it the smallest incorporated town in the province, hadn't varied much since 1918, when it elected its first mayor. The only difference between two photographs of Main Street taken 50 years apart was that one showed a few horses, the other a few cars; the buildings were the same. Then, on August 25, 1980, came the fire which burnt out the heart of the business district—bad enough that it earned Hartland its first-time-ever mention on CBC-TV's national news. "Was anybody killed?" asked a traveller who had stopped to look at the ruins. "Only the town itself," a bystander answered.

It wasn't Hartland's first disaster; the Great Hartland Fire of 1907 still flickers in the communal memory, a source for legends of strange premonitions, miraculous escapes and villainous conspiracies. But this time the problem was complicated by a rise in the level of the Saint John River as a result of stepped-up operations at the Mactaquac hydroelectric project. The flooding made it impractical for the burnt-out businesses to rebuild on the

same lots—and where else was there for them to go? It also meant that half of the houses in the prime residential area, parallel with the swollen river, would have to be demolished.

Many of those houses have already been torn down, including the 150-year-old home of two former New Brunswick premiers. Others stand abandoned, with lawns unmown, flowerbeds overrun and ornamental shrubs unshowered. For anyone who used to live there, as I did, walking along today's unkempt and gap-toothed Main Street is like meeting a shopping bag lady who used to be a regent of the IODE.

It's not surprising that some residents are despondent. To people like Charles R. Allen, a three-time mayor and former publisher of the local weekly, *The Observer*, it's not simply a matter of stores burning down and homes being flooded out; something irreplaceable has been lost forever. "Hartland will never be the same again," he says sadly. "This little town used to produce entrepreneurs." He names a half-dozen local businessmen, all dead. "There's not the same spirit today."

Mayor Philip Wakem disagrees. In the first place, he says, things aren't nearly so bad as they look. In fact,



Construction is booming

"this town is in very good shape." All but one of the burnt-out businesses have reopened in temporary quarters. The town has acquired a second bank. ("The last thing in the world that Hartland needed," Allen says.) Construction is booming; the tax base remains sound; there have been "vast improvements" in municipal services, including police and fire protection; the new water supply is "pristine-pure, the best in the valley;" and a "tremendous recreation program" has been initiated.

In the second place, says Mayor Wakem, "fate has provided us with an opportunity that comes to very few communities: A chance to start over again. We're going to have a brand-new town." He says he understands why some citizens are pessimistic. "They loved the old town, just the way it was. But the fact is, the business district was choked, and dying as a result. The old town was never planned; it just happened." Immediately follow-



ing the fire, “everybody in town was apprehensive. People were so emotional at some of our community meetings, they became almost violent. But I think that something good came of it. Attitudes have relaxed. People are more approachable, more open minded. You could say that the 20th century has arrived in Hartland.”

The community’s leaders seem to share Wakem’s optimism, in varying degrees, perhaps depending upon temperament. Gordon Fairgrieve, Allen’s successor as publisher of *The Observer*, is almost pugnacious in expressing his confidence in the town’s future and his impatience with doomsayers. “We’ve heard enough defeatism,” he says. Fred Hatfield, manager of the Humpty

There will be grass and flowers and room to move around in, besides modern, eye-pleasing shops with plenty of space for expansion. The quality of life will improve for everybody.”

Then, as if afraid that his enthusiasm might frighten some residents, he adds reassuringly, “We’re not going to try to compete with any other town commercially or industrially. Hartland will continue to be basically a residential community. We simply want it to function more effectively as a core service centre for a small urban population and the surrounding rural areas.”

When the inhabitants of those surrounding rural areas reach retirement age, they tend to move into town, so that even by small-town standards,

you’ve become too blind and shaky to drive anywhere else. The other drivers will recognize your vehicle when they see it approaching and conduct themselves accordingly, even if that means pulling off into somebody’s driveway until you’re safely past. The Senior Citizens’ Club is the most active organization in town. During last year’s fire, its members turned out to serve coffee and sandwiches to the firefighters.

Although it employs three full-time policemen and two auxiliary policemen (as compared with one elderly part-time town marshal in the 1950s), Hartland could probably gain entrance to the *Guinness Book of World Records* as North America’s most crime-free municipality. The local conception of a crime wave is a night when the country boys drive into town and squeal their tires.

The communal memory goes back a long way. Although Hartland (the origin of the name is unknown) was not incorporated until 1918, the first settlers arrived by canoe at what was then known as Mouth of Guimac in 1797. Their descendants have been living there ever since. Two families, the Craigs and the Orsers, trace their ancestry back to the two marriages of Mary Blake, the first child born to English-speaking parents in what is now New Brunswick. She and her second husband, Trooper William Orser of the King’s American Dragoons, lie in well-kept graves not far from the town hall. There survives a letter written by their son, John Orser, who died in the War of 1812.

Because so many of Hartland’s inhabitants have spent their entire lives among the same people, nicknames acquired in childhood tend to stick forever. If you were Buster when you were three, it is likely that you’ll be Buster until you die. A native who moved away years ago recalls that “the best thing about getting out of Hartland was that for the first time in my life, I was Ralph instead of Wampie.”

Similarly, you can never hope to escape from your previous selves. A woman of 70 will be pointed out to newcomers as the girl who danced naked in the graveyard when she was 15. Nor can you ever escape from your antecedents. If your grandfather was a thief, you will never, no matter how long you live, get rid of the invisible badge that identifies you as a thief’s grandson.

Nationally, Hartland gets into books such as *Colombo’s Canadian References* because it’s the site of the 1,282-foot “longest covered bridge in the world.” New Brunswickers, who take the bridge for granted, think of it first as the home town of Premier



The famous, 1,282-foot covered bridge

Dumpty potato chip plant, is philosophical: “Hartland is going to keep on happily defying the logic that it shouldn’t exist, just as it has always done in the past.” Fred Dickinson, whose clothing store was destroyed in the fire and who subsequently retired and handed the business over to a nephew, is cautious: “I think the town will pull through all right; but I’ll be more hopeful when I see that something tangible is being accomplished.”

That “something tangible,” as envisioned by Mayor Wakem, is “an attractive, up-to-date shopping complex with a common over-all design” in “a new location with wider streets and much more parking space.” The old burnt-out business district would become a riverside green. “Let’s face it,” he says, “the backs of those old buildings were hideous—and they were the first thing you saw if you drove into town from across the river. We’ve got a beautiful site here; now we’re going to take advantage of that natural beauty.

Hartland’s population includes an unusually high percentage of people over 60. “That town ought to be called the Elephants’ Graveyard of New Brunswick,” says a former resident, who wasn’t happy there. “You know, after that place in Africa that all of the elephants head for when they’re ready to die. They take better care of the cemetery than of anything else in town. When I lived there, they raised some money to start a public library and ended up spending it on a burial vault.”

It’s true that Hartland must be one of the best places in the world to live if you are old and alone. Chances are your next door neighbor will shovel the snow off your walk before he starts on his own. Another neighbor will cheerfully pick up and deliver your groceries. Yet another may drop in to wash up the dishes, having observed through her kitchen window that you had guests to dinner. You can continue to drive a car in Hartland long after



## Small Towns

Richard Hatfield, and second as a hotbed for Born Again, fundamentalist, evangelical Protestantism: They long ago nicknamed it "the Holy City."

Older Hartlanders still use "Protestant-like" in conversation as a casual synonym for "shipshape." A man will examine something that he has repaired and, if he is satisfied with the result, murmur, "Now that looks more Protestant-like." From time to time, downy-cheeked, feverish-eyed young men prowl the streets with Bibles in hand, demanding of the passers-by, "Brother, are you saved?" But even in the Holy City, the old-time religion has mellowed.

The Hartland school board would no longer dare to advertise, as it used to do, that it wanted only Protestant teachers. There are school dances now, which would have been unthinkable as recently as the 1950s, when a local minister declared that dancing was permissible only if males danced with

this: "Now that the women are busy in the kitchen, why don't we go down to the basement, so that I can show you the new gadget that I've attached to the furnace?"

The flooding of the Saint John River which made it necessary for the United Baptist Church to move, will spell the end to an old Hartland joke based on the fact that the United Baptist Church, the United Church of Canada and the Wesleyan Church stand within an easy stone's throw of one another. It's said that on a certain Sunday morning, the congregation of the United Church of Canada began to sing the old hymn, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" Hearing this, the Wesleyans broke into another old hymn, "No, Not One! No, Not One!" The United Baptists brought up the rear with, "Oh! That Will Be Glory for Me."

Hartland is a Gibraltar of Toryism. Traditionally, the Progressive Conser-

boys were expected to chase, catch and—oh, horrors! oh, heavens!—kiss them. Nowadays, however, they're hung by toddlers, mostly on the doors of their real or honorary uncles and aunts.

Despite what Charles Allen says, there is some evidence that the spirit of the entrepreneurs is still alive in Hartland. It is the official headquarters of Day and Ross Ltd., the largest transport company in eastern Canada; and Craig's Machine Shop, of which local gadfly Norris Hayward says, "Woody Craig is just a country boy, so he didn't know that it was absolutely impossible to manufacture heavy equipment in a little town in the Maritimes—he just went ahead and did it." Craig's makes snowplows, which are sold in both Canada and the United States.

Hartland is slow to take newcomers into its full confidence. They say that at a public meeting years ago, a resident spoke at length. "How long have you lived in Hartland?" the chairman demanded. "I came here 50 years ago," was the reply. "Then sit down, you tourist," said the chairman.

Mayor Wakem, who is office manager for the potato chip plant, moved to Hartland from Fredericton in 1968, which means that according to the way such things are reckoned locally he arrived in town yesterday morning. First elected to the town council in 1974, he has been mayor since 1977. "I suppose some people still think of me as an outsider," he says. "But nobody treats me like one." He can even single out the point in time at which he began to feel that he had been accepted. "It was when my father and sister died, and I buried them here," he says. "I could feel the difference after that."

Wakem sees "new people coming in, younger people." He thinks "there's a new feeling about it all." In his opinion, Hartlanders are "more open to social change than they've ever been." As far as Philip Wakem is concerned, the old town is about to be reborn from its own ashes like the legendary phoenix. Traditionally, Hartlanders have been leery of his kind of enthusiasm. But, judging from what they're saying around town, it seems that a majority are behind him. "Wakem may be full of beans," says an old-timer seated on a bench overlooking the once-famous Hartland salmon pool. "But he's right about one thing. If we don't get on our horse we might as well crawl into a hole and pull the hole in after us." That is an Upper Saint John River Valley way of saying that the time has come to either march or die. ☒



The best-groomed property in town

males and females with females which, he claimed, had been the practice in biblical times. In those days, the girls' basketball team was handicapped because so many parents refused to allow their daughters to appear in anything so indecent as gym bloomers. A principal was fired when, it was whispered, "he was caught taking a drink."

Old-time Hartlanders were so dead set against the demon rum that they refused to drink anything—anything at all—out of a bottle; not even root beer or Coca-Cola. Even today, there is no liquor store closer than 18 km away; and the one restaurant with a liquor licence is on the outskirts of town. If a Hartlander offers you a drink in his own home, he is apt to phrase the invitation somewhat like

vative poll committee aims at outvoting the Liberals by a margin of two to one. It has produced three Conservative premiers: The incumbent, Richard Hatfield, whose father was an MP and one of those entrepreneurs that Charles Allen talks about; J. Kidd Flemming, who held office on the eve of the First World War, and his son, Hugh John Flemming, who served from 1952 to 1960. Hugh John, as he is universally known, is now 82 and lives in Fredericton.

Hartland may be the only place left where they still hang Maybaskets on May 1. The baskets are made of paper and look vaguely Japanese. They used to be hung by adolescent girls on the doors of houses occupied by adolescent boys. The girls then ran away, and the



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# Crafts

## Crafts is a big-buck business

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**C**athy Standen, part-owner of an Ottawa crafts store, returned home from a buying trip to the Atlantic provinces' biggest crafts trade fair last winter with mixed feelings. She liked the exhibits; the dyes and clays made the pottery unique, she says, and the fabrics and sewing were "first rate." But she was disappointed because exhibitors couldn't fill orders for many of the better crafts. "There was stuff there you just know the public would love to buy," she says, "but you couldn't get it."

Standen's experience at the Atlantic Crafts Trade Show (ACTS) in Halifax may have dismayed her, but it's one sign of how successful the crafts industry has become. The demand for good crafts far outstrips the supply, despite the fact that an estimated 6,000 people in the four Atlantic provinces are busy turning out everything from quilts to violins. For about 1,000 craftsmen, it's a full-time job. And their products apparently are as good as any on the continent. A buyer from a Philadelphia crafts shop was so impressed with the ACTS exhibits, she wrote a letter to the Canadian consulate in her city, raving about what she saw.

If the mention of handcrafts makes you think of old ladies crocheting doilies for the church bazaar, think again. Crafts have become a thriving industry, worth \$20 million or more a year to the region. Some producers have established national and international reputations—the most celebrated being Suttles and Seawinds of New Germany, N.S., makers of quilted clothing. Last February, sales at the ACTS amounted to more than \$400,000, twice as high as the year before. Smaller shows throughout the region are growing at a similar rate, and new ones are springing up like horseweeds.

One of the largest crafts organizations, the International Grenfell As-



Greig: She makes pots pay

sociation (IGA) based in St. Anthony, Nfld., turns over close to \$1 million a year through sales of home-sewn duffle coats and other items, produced by 300 pieceworkers. The Newfoundland Outport Nursing and Industrial Association (NONIA), based in St. John's, employs about 300 weavers and knitters throughout Newfoundland. NONIA and IGA are kept so busy filling orders at their own outlets, they shy away from seeking outside markets, or even exhibiting at craft fairs. Another group that has trouble keeping up with demand is the New Brunswick Indian Arts and Crafts Corp. At one point, it received a single order for more baskets than its members produce in a year.

All of this doesn't mean that a person is likely to get rich hooking rugs. Some craftsmen, such as goldsmiths, do well, but the average income of full-time producers probably is less than \$10,000 a year. The Atlantic Provinces Economic Council (APEC) estimated that IGA pieceworkers, the highest paid in Newfoundland, made about \$1 an hour in 1979—far below the minimum wage.

Flo Greig employs two people in her Gagetown, N.B., pottery studio. A graduate of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, Greig, 30, taught art in Fredericton while she was getting her pottery business started. She's now the biggest pottery producer in New Brunswick (the operation turns over \$100,000 a year), and she makes a living from her craft. "The drawback," she says, "is that I have to work five 10-hour days a week to do it." It doesn't occur to her to pack it in,

though. "For me, the attraction is in terms of creativity. I get great satisfaction creating things unique to me."

Crafts producers, Greig says, have problems similar to those of any small business. The biggest problem is finding enough money to get established. "Bankers—although they're taking crafts people a bit more seriously now—still tend to see us as a risk," she says. Bill Arsenault, of Cornwall, P.E.I., who left a 15-year teaching career to become a craftsman, says his problem is marketing the wooden toys and miniature, early-Canadian furniture he makes. "There are lots of places you can go where people show you how to do it, but not how to market it."

Government aid for craftsmen varies from province to province. In various parts of the region, you can find government-supported programs for crafts training, exhibiting, marketing and promotion. Crafts development has been included in DREE agreements in New Brunswick and Newfoundland.

New Brunswick became involved in promoting crafts in the early Thirties; Nova Scotia, just after the Second World War. The P.E.I. government began paying close attention to crafts in 1953, when the Department of Agriculture sent two women in a van to give craft courses around the province. Newfoundland was last on the scene, but has been catching up quickly. It appointed crafts development officers for Newfoundland and Labrador in the early Seventies. The Newfoundland government sees crafts mainly in economic terms; its policy is that crafts can provide supplementary income where jobs are seasonal.

The voracious market for crafts, which exists across Canada, is a mixed blessing. For one thing, an increase in demand doesn't necessarily mean an increase in supply. Crafts require fine skills, and craftsmen can't churn out fine violins and pottery and weavings faster just by plugging more money into their business. Second, the demand encourages people to market mass-produced junk posing as handcrafts.

And talk of "supply" and "production" grinds against the very reasons for the crafts revival. "I would like to say that the main reason for our being is cultural," says Chris Tyler, coordinator of Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen. "In crafts there is that concern with the quality of life and the quality of objects, of counteracting the impersonalization of industrial life. The danger is that the mercantile interest will override the cultural."

— Ralph Surette



## Profile

# John Whitaker finds a home

*He was once a member of the Nixon inner circle in Washington, D.C., and his career took him from the high country of the U.S. Great Basin to the jungles of the Amazon River to the beaches of West Africa. But John Whitaker would still rather live in Yarmouth, thank you*

**W**hen Yarmouth *Vanguard* reporter John Whitaker was living in Washington, D.C., he summered in Lake Annis, 18 km from Yarmouth. The undisputed political leader of Lake Annis—summer population 40, winter population 10—was 85-year-old Mildred Cosser. One day, over tea in her kitchen, Cosser asked Whitaker where Washington was. He stammered a little, then explained that it was 700 miles due south, that President Richard Nixon, the U.S. version of Pierre Trudeau, lived there, and that Congress, America's parliament,

FRED A. HATFIELD



Yarmouth called

held its sessions there. When Cosser asked how many people lived in Washington he told her three million. With that her eyes grew very wide. "Just think of that," she said, "three million people living so far away from everything." John Whitaker uses this story—which he insists really happened—to illustrate his argument that people care mainly about what matters to them personally. But if Lake Annis conversations are parochial, he says, so are those in Washington. He should know. From 1969 until 1975 he was part of the White House elite: First as secretary to President Nixon's cabinet, then as assistant director of his Domestic Council, and finally as undersecretary of the Department of the Interior where he was responsible for 74,000 employees and an annual budget of more than \$3 billion.

Since he moved to Yarmouth two years ago, however, the boundaries of his world have narrowed dramatically. Now he spends his working days writing a monthly column for *The Northern Miner*, a Canadian oil and mining publication, doing technical writing for oil and mining firms and serving as

one of two reporters for the weekly Yarmouth *Vanguard*. There, he reports on everything from whether Yarmouth should have a new shopping mall to the perennial story of whether the ferry *Bluenose* should be replaced. He also writes occasional "think pieces" on energy and the environment. "No one is in awe of John Whitaker here," says *Vanguard* editor Fred Hatfield, "but from a background point of view, he's not your average reporter."

Born in 1926 in Victoria, B.C., Whitaker spent much of his early childhood hunting and fishing with his father, who was one of the first generation of Alaskans of neither Indian nor Eskimo descent. But when he died in 1934, Stella Whitaker bundled up her eight-year-old son and moved back to Baltimore, her birthplace. "I had never seen a rubber tire in the stream, cigarette butts by the roadside, or any of the clutter, pollution and grime associated with large centres like Baltimore," Whitaker remembers. "It was a traumatic experience and I seemed to have subconsciously struggled to escape from it for the rest of my life."

His first opportunity came four years later when he was 12 and spent a summer at Camp Mooswa, a boy's camp in Lake Annis, Yarmouth County, which was operated by one of his Baltimore teachers. Looking back, 43 years later, he's still charmed by the place. Even then, he says, he felt a calmness in Yarmouth which he felt nowhere else. He came back every summer after that until he and his family finally moved there permanently in 1979.

Whitaker did consider other rural options. While studying for his PhD at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, he took summer field trips to Alaska for the U.S. Geological Survey. Later, as a geologist, he worked in the high country of the Utah and Nevada Great Basin, the unspoiled sky and clear streams of the Rockies and the Cascades, and the primeval rain forests of the Pacific Northwest, as well as the Andes, the Amazon jungle, the Nile, and West Africa's clean, unspoiled beaches. But Yarmouth kept pulling

him back.

He was past 50 when he finally made a firm commitment to Yarmouth's rustic life. "My first instinct is to say that it was a lack of guts to follow my own convictions," he says of the delay, "but I don't think it was that simple." He also enjoyed the intellectual stimulation he found in geology and later, in politics. He began working on Richard Nixon's 1960 presidential campaign because he was convinced that Nixon should be the president of the United States, he explains now. Even after Watergate, which he calls "a terrible chapter in an otherwise magnificent book of public service," Whitaker still counts making resource policy under Nixon as one of the great privileges of his life.

But, in 1975, a year after Nixon's resignation ("Working under President [Gerald] Ford was very businesslike," he says, "but it wasn't very stimulating and wasn't much different from sitting down with the president of a fish company") and his own serious heart attack, Whitaker resigned from the White House to write a book about environmental and natural resource policy under Nixon and Ford. The book, *Striking a Balance*, which took 18 "damn hard" months to write, rekindled a long-dormant interest in writing, and he began to contribute articles to the Yarmouth *Vanguard* and *Barometer*, a now defunct Halifax weekly. Finally, in May, 1979, four years and nine months after Richard Nixon left town in disgrace, John Whitaker happily left Washington too, bound for Yarmouth to "begin a little journalism."

He still visits Washington a couple of times a year as a consultant for a large American forest products firm and manages to keep a paternal eye on his former government department too. He still has a Washington *Post* subscription and watches the NBC evening news to see his former Washington neighbor Roger Mudd, but those are his only other remaining links with the city. Many of the things that once seemed so important, Whitaker allows, don't seem to matter anymore. "In Washington, people live under the delusion that they're running the world," he says, "when in actual fact most people don't give a damn." Mildred Cosser couldn't have put it any better.

— Jack Savage



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## Harry Flemming's column

# Understanding Ireland: It's not easy

*You can wander crooked roads that delight the senses, cross troubled borders as easily as you'd cross from Nova Scotia to New Brunswick and—almost—forget the violence. It's part of Ireland's paradox and tragedy*

**F**rom a diary of a walking trip through Ireland: "There's a wonderful serenity about the Irish countryside." That random note I made in August while crossing Glendun, one of the nine green glens of Antrim. County Antrim is in Northern Ireland.

The eighth, ninth and 10th hunger strikers died in the Maze Prison while I was in Ireland. Between March 1, when the hunger strikes started, and Aug. 8, 51 people were killed in Northern Ireland, more than half of them civilians, and another 1,000 injured. My three-week visit also coincided with the 12th anniversary of the arrival of British troops in the north. Since then, more than 2,000 people have been killed and well over \$1 billion has been spent keeping 22,000 "peace-keeping" soldiers in the province. The north is more bitterly divided on sectarian lines than at any time since 1968, and the end of the violence is nowhere in sight.

It's just one of the many paradoxes of Ireland that in the midst of so much strife, it is still possible to leisurely explore Ireland, north as well as south, with a feeling of complete safety. There's a timeless quality about the land that makes a poet's job easier, and enough small, crooked roads to make a walker's wanderings a delight. You can sit under a giant beech tree and soak in the beauty of the wild holly, rhododendron, foxglove and fuchsia, and forget that intractable hatreds stalk an island that's been blessed by nature and cursed by history.

During five days and 50 miles of walking in the north, the profusion of Union Jacks (the aftermath of the royal wedding or a political expression?) was just about the only hard evidence this foreigner could find that he was in the north, not the south—until he talked with the people.

In the little town of Cushendall on



the Antrim coast, I fell in with two youngish locals in a delightful pub (most Irish pubs easily earn the adjective). Tom Campbell and Alex McNaughton were Catholics, as were "99%" of the rest of the town. Both said that Cushendall, if given the chance, would vote "to a man" to join the Republic of Ireland. Yet both also deplored the violence and the fanaticism of the IRA.

Other than wall posters (Smash H-Blocks, Maggie Murderer), I saw few signs of the Troubles until my bus entered Belfast. Soldiers in battle dress with machine-guns at the ready. Bombed-out streets. Downtown streets with security checks and barriers. My stay in that sad, frightening city lasted just long enough to make my way to the railway station. Dublin-bound, I wasn't aware I'd crossed one of the world's most famous borders until the train reached Dundalk. At the least, I expected to be asked why I was in the Republic and to have my passport stamped. Instead, nothing. It was like crossing from Nova Scotia to New Brunswick.

Sixteen days and 100 more walking miles yielded more understanding. I read the newspapers and talked with journalists, politicians' aides, businessmen, innkeepers, publicans and publicans' customers. I have neither the insight nor *Insight* the space for an analysis of the complex Irish tragedy. (For that, read Conor Cruise O'Brien's masterly study, *States of Ireland*.) I did form a few impressions, however.

All political parties in the south, except Sinn Féin and its various IRA offshoots, favor reunification by democratic means. Privately, many Irish wish the north would just go away, an attitude that found extreme but not uncommon expression from a retired Dublin dockworker. His solution was to "give the north 24 hours notice and then drop an atomic bomb on the place." I replied, "Even then I doubt if





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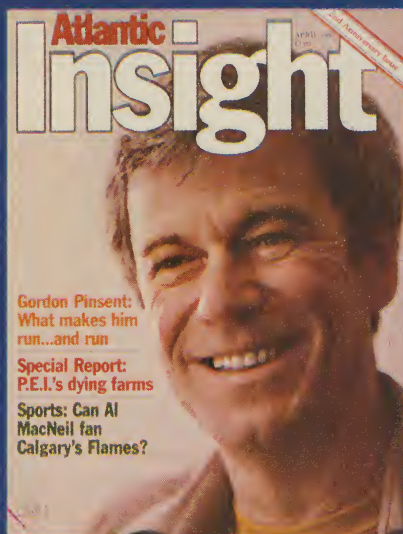
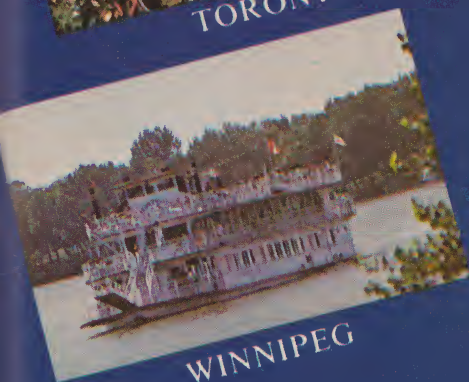


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## Harry Flemming's column

anyone would leave."

Still, the north and its problems affect the south. Despite prosperity during the Sixties and Seventies that enabled it to reach virtually the same standard of living as the north, the Republic faces grave economic difficulties. Unemployment is high and rising and inflation is running at more than 20%. Gasoline sells for more than \$4 a gallon. Unrelenting publicity about the violence has hurt the key tourist industry. With two-thirds of its people under 30, thanks to the highest birth-rate in Europe, the south's paramount concern should be economics, not politics.

It would help if Britain stated its intention to renounce sovereignty over the north, yet not declare in favor of a united Ireland. As the *Sunday Times* of London editorialized: "British policy in Northern Ireland—to try to keep it in the United Kingdom by general consent—had not worked, is not working, and will not work." Just as one million Northern Protestants can't be bombed into a united Ireland, neither can a half-million Northern Catholics be held indefinitely in the U.K. by force of arms.

A 32-county Ireland, inevitably controlled by the overwhelmingly Catholic south, is a thought that remains anathema to the Protestants of the six-county north. But the idea of an independent north no longer is unthinkable to them. The old Unionist, Ulster-is-British cause, which led to the partition of Ireland 60 years ago, is dying a slow death.

The independence of Northern Ireland would have to be even more circumscribed than that of most small countries—by subsidies and defence treaties and, most of all, by human rights guarantees to the Catholic minority that the Protestants wouldn't misuse their continuing majority.

God alone knows if such a course would bring peace to Ireland. It certainly wouldn't persuade the men of violence to down arms, but it might deprive them of the largely tacit support they enjoy. If politics in the north could gradually become secularized, co-operation between north and south could begin.

Leave the final Irish paradox to the 19th Baron Dunsany. A Protestant from County Meath in the south, Lord Dunsany was quoted in *The Irish Times*: "Independence [for the north] is the only solution to an insoluble problem, which is a contradiction in terms. I only know of two insoluble problems: One is infinity and the other is Ulster." ☒

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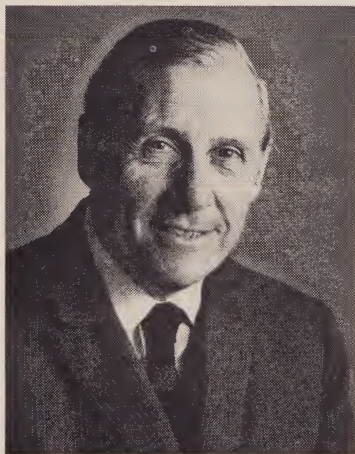
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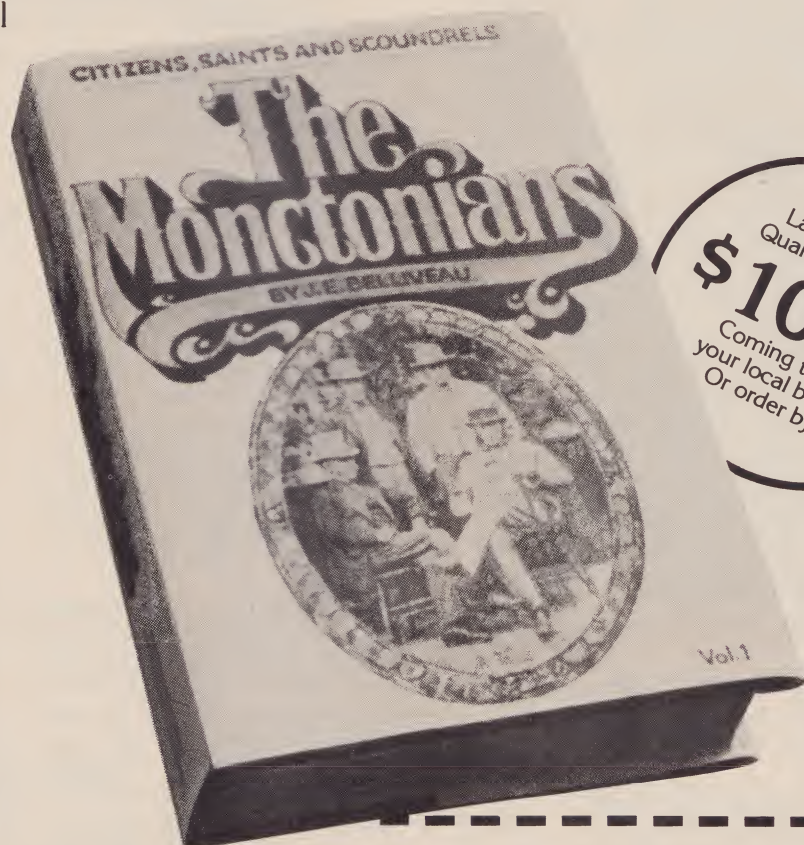
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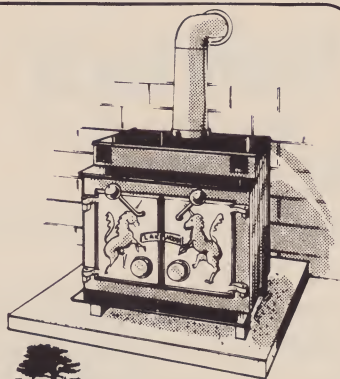
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## Movies

# Toronto turns Acadians into white niggers

*Alligator Shoes is the sad story of French-Canadian culture in exile. It's primitive, original—but not very good*

By Martin Knelman

**H**ow appropriate that *Alligator Shoes* was paired off with *Les Plouffe* as the Canadian representative in the Directors' Fortnight at this year's Cannes Film Festival. *Les Plouffe* is the chronicle of a French-Canadian family, long before the dawn of the Quiet Revolution, all cuddled up in the cocoon of a self-contained society, almost totally insulated from the surrounding giant of anglophone North America. The flip side of *Les Plouffe* is the subject of *Alligator Shoes*, the first full-length feature film by that gifted Toronto primitive, Clay Borris. Like *Les Plouffe*, *Alligator Shoes* is a family chronicle—but here the family is not drawn from literature or popular culture. Clay Borris in effect says to the audience, "Here is my own actual family, with many of the characters playing themselves, and this movie is an acted-out version of something that actually happened to us." As Danielle, the extraordinary Ronald Jones is playing a character—a delicate, fragile heroine-victim, on the edge of madness and deeply self-destructive. But as her nephews and older sister, respectively, Clay Borris, Garry Borris and Rose Maltais-Borris are playing, more or less, themselves—even though in the film Garry is called Bin and Clay is called Mike.

In *Les Plouffe*, the great stairway from Quebec City's Lower Town looms as a psychological as well as a geographical barrier, and the Plains of Abraham are understood as the great unmentioned symbol of this fine, sweeping movie. *Alligator Shoes* is rooted in another significant historical event that is never alluded to directly—the Expulsion of the Acadians. Just as *Les Plouffe* is, in a broad sense, the story of French-Canadian culture on its own home ground, so *Alligator Shoes* is the sad story of French-Canadian culture in exile. The characters in *Alligator Shoes* are scroungers, drifters, survivors, and the city presents its harshest face to them. Theirs is the rough, peeling, working-class Toronto of sleazy hotel beer

parlors, of people who work in factories and live in rented rooms, and whose lifetime expectations don't include going to university, shopping in Yorkville or buying a new car. This is why Bin's alligator shoes are so important to him; they're his one status symbol, his stake in the consumer society, and he doesn't want to get them messed up with the dung of real life. Acadians have spread their peculiar brand of alienation all over the map, from Jack Kerouac in *On the Road* to the Cajun music-makers of Louisiana, but watching the films of Clay Borris, you get a



Garry Borris (left) and brother Clay

sense that there can be few forms of exile as discouraging as being a French Canadian in Toronto. Whatever the hopes they brought here, the city turns them into white niggers, just as it did with the WASP bumpkins from the Maritimes in *Goin' Down the Road*.

Clay Borris is a true original, and those who have followed English-Canadian movies with more than casual interest will be rooting for him, because he has more on his mind than the grosses in *Variety*, and his manners are too gritty for lunch at the Courtyard Café. He's a street hustler who came up the hard way, inventing his own techniques as he needed them. He has a great, original subject, and the tenacity to stick with it. It is with some chagrin, then, that I must report that *Alligator Shoes* is far from a good movie. Primitivism is a tricky thing; some of the very qualities that worked so well for Borris in *Rose's House*—an unforgettable hour-long film about the director's mother and her rooming



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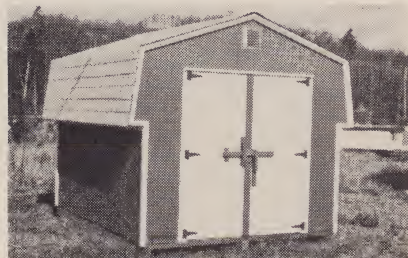
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## Movies

house—become deeply embarrassing in *Alligator Shoes*.

Made four years ago for about \$34,000 by Borris and John Phillips, *Rose's House* was an ideal documentary drama. The amateur acting—especially Rose playing herself—gave the material a special integrity, and the rough technique seemed appropriate to the gritty portrait of life in the slums.

Clay Borris grew up in New Brunswick in a French-speaking Acadian culture. His father worked in the woods and his mother cooked in a lumber camp. The family moved to Toronto when he was nine and he couldn't speak a word of English. He dropped out of school after Grade 9. His introduction to the movie industry was a job as an elevator boy in a film exchange building, and he made his first film—*Parliament Street*, about a kid who gets beat up by a gang—in Super 8. From 1968 to 1977, he made nine short films. Then came the breakthrough of *Rose's House*, which was financed partially through small grants from the Ontario Arts Council, and which proceeded in fits and starts according to the availability of money.

*Alligator Shoes* is the story of two street-smart brothers whose intense and fiercely competitive relationship within a working-class Acadian family is ambushed by the arrival of Danielle, their attractive young aunt, who comes to stay with them after being released from a mental hospital. Mike (Clay Borris) keeps his distance from her, but Bin (Garry Borris) enjoys taking her to the bars and showing off his boisterous gamesmanship. Danielle misinterprets Bin's attentions and falls in love with him. He rejects her sexual advances, setting up the predictable final orgy of martyrdom and guilt.

The story is not just a downer, but a contrived, tedious downer. In the end, *Alligator Shoes* is the story of the loving rivalry of two brothers in a tight family, and their relationship simply isn't complex or interesting enough to hang a full-length movie on.

It's far too early to give up on Clay Borris, and perhaps in retrospect *Alligator Shoes* will be seen as a transition film with which he made the jump into features. In making *Alligator Shoes*, Borris could have used a professional screenwriter with the knack for shaping these nuggets of family psychodrama, and a producer with the temperament of his mother. Clay Borris may be a victim of the current Canadian climate, which forces even talented mavericks to work in a vacuum, counting too heavily on inspired flukes. ☒

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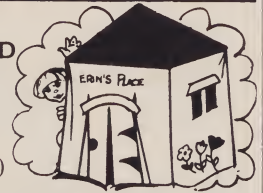
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# Our politicians plunder. We like them that way

*Newfoundland's biggest business used to be bilking the feds.  
But the rest of the country is ruining that good thing*

**A** St. John's radio chat show recently ran a poll on the status of politicians in local society. I believe they ran a notch ahead of child molesters but gave considerable ground to grave robbers and pussy cat garroters. We prefer them that way.

In Newfoundland, politics is one thing and government is another. Here in the land of the rising scum, a politician is someone who, once all his relatives have been sated, shares some of his plunder of "The Gum'mint" purse with his constituents. "The Gum'mint," on the other hand, is a demi-divine creation composed vaguely of royal governors, the Church and the better classes of St. John's. It has nothing to do with the price of trimmed navel beef or potholes in the roads. Once it used to issue postage stamps and hang people, but it doesn't even do that anymore.

A long history of colonial rule, an interval of quasi self-government, 16 years (1933-1949) of government by appointed commission followed by Smallwood provided no firm grounding in civics. Perhaps the closest we get to a concept of "The Gum'mint" is like the one in E.J. Pratt's epic of the scrimmage between the whale and the giant squid. You know the two brutes are down there somewhere in the depths locked in mortal combat but you're not about to go down there and referee the match. No more than you would dream of concerning yourself with the mighty submarine plungings and thrashings of "The Gum'mint."

At certain intervals the two monstrous combatants heave themselves up into the daylight to crash out of sight again beneath the waves. It is one of the most thrilling sights in nature. It's called an election. During the brief interval in which God's ferocious handiwork presents itself to human view you place your bet on the monster that seems to be getting the upper hand. This is called voting. To ensure that the Tory leviathan and the Liberal kraken don't rise too close and upset your dory you pour a constant stream of tribute money into the mysterious

depths. This is called paying taxes. It works like a charm. That's pretty well "The Gum'mint." Politicians may be like the barnacles, limpets and sea lice sticking to the great carcasses, but that's about the only perceived connection.

This peculiar blind spot makes our merry band of legislators the happiest and luckiest dogs in creation. True, they're considered the lowest of breeds but they're actually expected to be rogues, pilferers and artful dodgers. "They're all alike!" is the cheerful description of politicians you'll get from most Newfoundlanders. All pots calling kettles black and the other way around. How came this unique outlook?

In 1933 when Newfoundland went bankrupt and all semblance of democratic government was suspended, a royal commission was set up by the dear old mother country to see what the bloody hell had been going on here. There'd been political corruption on a grand scale. The national budget hadn't been balanced in 12 years and the civil service was compared to the Mexican army: "Very little pay but unlimited licence to loot." The prime minister escaped a howling mob by scuttling over a back fence. One of his acolytes was, need it be said, the young Joey Smallwood. My Lords Commissioners, when they started rooting around in the shambles, were aghast.

Why was it, they asked, that in Newfoundland politics the sediment always rose to the top? An answer was that the Newfoundland public doted on political skulduggers. If your honorable member was a dab hand at lining his own pockets it was a fair bet he'd be just as agile at plundering the public purse on behalf of his loyal constituents. Or, rather, "The Gum'mint" purse, a mysterious fountain with no visible plumbing connected to taxation. After 1949, federal largesse from Ottawa boosted this odd concept of government into the rosiest of clouds. And so, by the maxim that people get exactly the kind of government they deserve, all Newfoundlanders were condemned

as rogues and scoundrels.

There's pitifully little to disprove this nasty notion. Several times during the 23-year reign of Joey Smallwood, even he feared it might be necessary to appoint an opposition since only three or four warm bodies had been elected to it. Smallwood came to us with Canadian goodies and the operating manual bequeathed to him by that prime minister, one of his idols, who'd skedaddled over the back fence. He was followed by Moores who found the Smallwoodian formula too seductively workable to pitch out. With a great flourish, Moores brought in corrective legislation but a recent royal commission discovered the obvious...as generalissimo of the northern branch of the Mexican army, Moores had in some ways topped Smallwood.

Those who'd hoped for some political novelty to brighten their golden years had them dashed by the coming of Peckford. He's an almost perfect Smallwoodian clone. With another election in the wind, it would curdle your vital juices to hear young Alfie toss off implications of great new industries and pies in the sky.

When, in 1949, Newfoundland ceased to be even a semblance of a nation some fellow at the ceremonies in the ballroom of the Newfoundland Hotel cried out (for, by golly, though stupid we are passionate little buggerinos): "God help thee, Newfoundland!" The departing royal governor was heard to sniff: "God helps those who help themselves."

There's another election in the wind, but no hopes are held for a first-class spectacle. The Liberal squid has most of its tentacles in splints and can do little but squirt while the Tory whale has become so bloated it can barely heave its blubber against a mild tide.

Pity us, with not even a half-decent show to lighten our predicament. But what sympathy can we expect from you bunch west of the Cabot Strait who've done your best to ruin the only industry we had going here—bilking the feds. Your milk of human kindness must have turned to plain yogurt, otherwise you would not have started sending scoundrels to Ottawa who can run rings around our rogues. ☒



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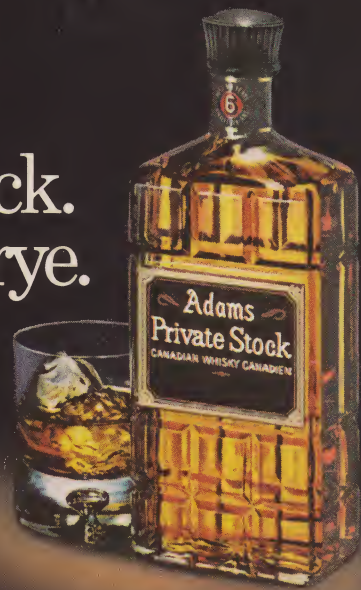
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